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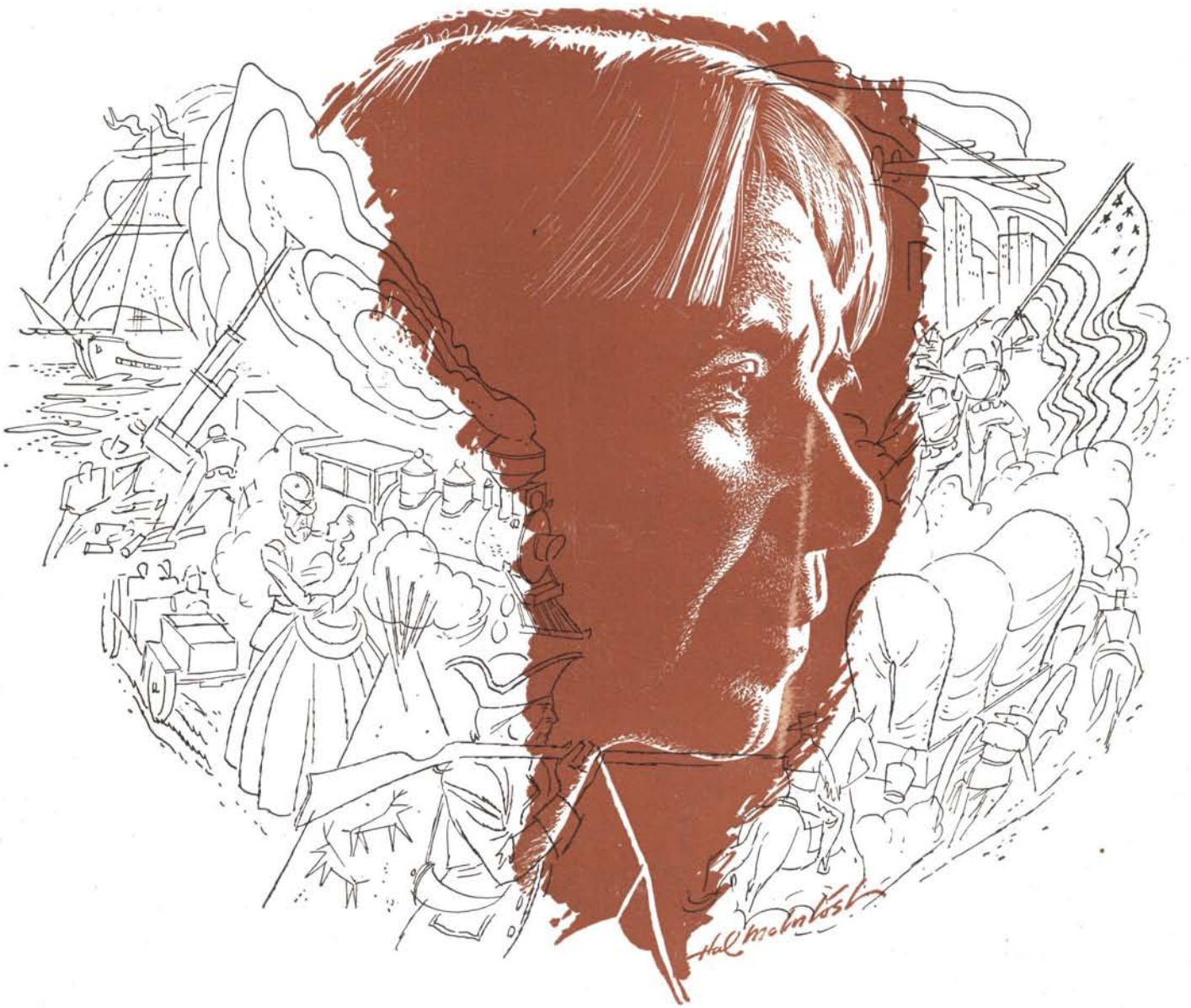

Carl Sandburg, author of "Remembrance Rock" *(See page 15)*

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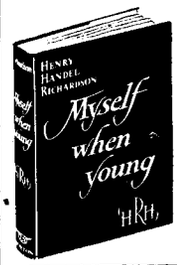

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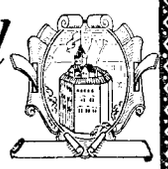

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • In Stamford, a librarian thumbed idly through a copy of Felix Salten's "Bambi," published by Simon & Schuster in 1929. This legend on the title page gave her a start: "Translated by Whittaker Chambers." She reread the book and says it contains nothing subversive.

• • In New York, one man now edits two of the country's most successful magazines—an unprecedented responsibility in publishing circles. His name: Herbert Mayes. The magazines: *Good Housekeeping* and *Cosmopolitan*. Mayes's handiwork is evident in the October *Cosmo*, but the full impact of his skill will not be felt until the December issue hits the stands.

• • In Washington, Kay Summersby, General Eisenhower's wartime WAC chauffeur, explained that her just-published "Eisenhower Was My Boss" (Prentice-Hall) was "A report to other women. . . . To clear up the record, I am peeling off my traditional British reserve and stripping down to naked truth." The big Army brass discovered that Miss Summersby wasn't kidding—but decided discreetly to stay far, far above it all.

• • In Seaside, Oregon, Joseph Stanley Pennell confided to Jim Goodsell, "Naturally I hope my new book, 'Nora Beckham,' will have as much success as my first, 'The History of Rome Hanks,' but I won't mind if it creates less of a tempest. It was a little unnerving to be compared, all in one week, with Thomas Wolfe, James Joyce, Marcel Proust, and Judas Iscariot."

• • In the office of Alfred Knopf, Maurice Samuel, translator of "Prince of the Ghetto," by Isaac Loeb Peretz, told of a dinner where the hostess politely asked him about his work in progress. "I'm doing a book on Peretz," Samuel replied. "How nice," said the hostess. "They're such interesting birds."

• • In Chicago, two big shots of the far-flung Ziff enterprises are Louis Zara, editor, and Sol Zatt, ace public relations director. Lads named Zeus and Zorn, who think they have what Bill Ziff wants, are working on application blanks right now.

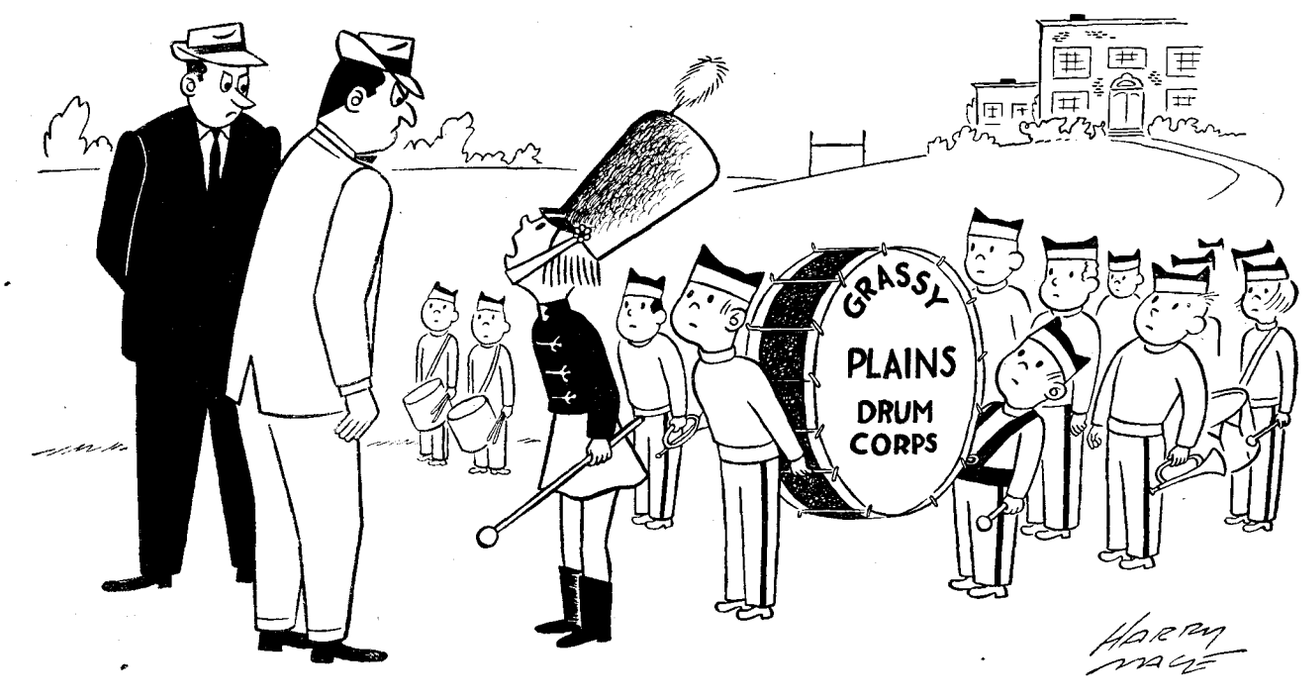
• • In Clinton, New Jersey, Florence Bryan, the raconteuse, told the story of the ten-year-old boy whose parents gave him a boomerang for Christmas. "I don't know how to make the thing work," he protested. "Go out on the lawn and learn," commanded his father. The boy learned so well that he became the honorary vice president of the New Jersey Boomerang Throwers' Association, and for his birthday his ecstatic parents gave him a new boomerang made of rare mahogany and encrusted with diamonds. The boy was overjoyed. Three short months later, however, he was carted off to an insane asylum. He had gone quite mad, it appears, trying to figure how to throw away his old boomerang.

• • In New York, Macmillan published Burton Stevenson's 2,957-page "Home Book of Proverbs, Maxims, and Familiar Phrases" after ten years of preparation. It sells for twenty dollars, and is worth thirty.

• • In Williamstown, Ray Washburne received a rush order for Dale Carnegie's "How to Start Worrying and Stop Living." Also in Williamstown, that excellent tavern, the 1896 House, wound up its most successful season. Co-owner Charlie Reder, better known in literary circles as the book buyer for Macy's, bought a new limousine.

• • In Washington, Colonel Joe Greene, invaluable friend to the book business as editor of the *Infantry Journal* during the war, has turned anthologist. With Elizabeth Abell, he has edited a beguiling volume called "First Love" for Bantam.

• • In Chapel Hill, Lambert Davis, late of Harcourt, Brace, became the new director of University of North Carolina Press. Doris Schneider, also leaving Harcourt, will devote the win-



"Petrillo who?"

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ter to keeping her famous husband, Harry Hatcher, in good humor—a full-time job.

• • In Hollywood, Radie Harris attended a literary party where the guests came as they were dressed before they were psychoanalyzed.

• • On the one hundred and fifteenth birthday of Horatio Alger, Jr., the Children's Aid Society of New York polled members of seven boys' and girls' clubs. Ninety-two per cent of the children had never heard of Alger; not one could remember the title of any of his books. Equally forgotten: G. A. Henty and "Oliver Optic."

• • In New York, in a moment of madness, a midtown publisher agreed to let himself be hypnotized for a television program, but was saved from an uncertain fate by a complete inability to succumb to the prominent hypnotist's spell. He submitted without protest in rehearsal while the p.h. performed a supposedly infallible ritual, but at the end of two whole minutes was wider awake than he had been since the 1947 Columbia-Army football game. What ruined the performance, probably, was his inability to put out of his mind the story of old Mr. Krantzbaum, who hadn't slept a wink in four days. His worried sons had called in a dozen specialists, and tried every available nostrum in vain. In desperation, they summoned a well-known hypnotist. He gently stroked Mr. Krantzbaum's hand, and murmured, "Sleep, my good man, sleep. Now you are beginning to slip away into the shadows. A mist is stealing softly into the room. A cloud has passed over the sun. Sleep. You no longer can see or hear me. Sleep, sle-e-ep. . . ." Miraculously, Mr. Krantzbaum's eyes closed. The jubilant sons paid the hypnotist a bonus, and tiptoed into the old man's room to pull the comforter over his gaunt frame. As they were finishing, Mr. Krantzbaum opened one eye and inquired crossly, "Has that lunatic gotten out of here yet?" . . .

The next day the midtown publisher (a notorious slave to duty) recovered some of his aplomb when he auditioned a new radio program whose cast included Joan Caulfield, Adele Fletcher, Bill Slater, John Dall, and those stalwarts of the Brooklyn Dodgers, Peewee Reese, Jackie Robinson, and Hugh Casey. It was Casey, incredibly, who knew what made Miss Caulfield's strapless evening gown stay up in her last picture, Peewee Reese who identified the male movie star who always masqueraded as a female (Lassie), Robinson who knew what two baseball magnates had roamed the world together (Crosby of Pittsburgh and Hope of Cleveland), and Joan Caulfield who thought that the baseball expression "horse collars" meant a home-run.

Peewee Reese, incidentally, won his nickname as a junior marbles champion and not by virtue of his size. While Robinson was autographing copies of his book for members of the audience, Reese fell to reminiscing with the publisher about the exploits of the immortal Lou Gehrig, who was cheated out of countless headlines because the one and only Babe Ruth played on the same team with him. FPA described him as "the guy who hit all those home runs the year Ruth broke the record." Jack Sher, in *Sport Magazine,* recalled the day Gehrig hit four home runs in four consecutive times at bat, and then was robbed of a fifth by a spectacular catch by Al Simmons. In the clubhouse, Manager Joe McCarthy said, "Well, Lou, nobody can take that away from you." But Gehrig didn't even make the sporting headlines that day. Just before press time John McGraw chose to announce his retirement from baseball. . . .

The publisher also lingered to chat with J. D. Gartatowsky, the fabulous general manager of the Hearst newspapers. "Garty" brought down the house with the story of a pompous English gentleman who was accosted by a lady of uncertain virtue late one night on Piccadilly. "I presume you don't know who I am," thundered the gentleman. "I happen to be the Crown Solicitor." "That's all right, mate," said the lady. "I'm the half-crown solicitor."

BENNETT CERF.

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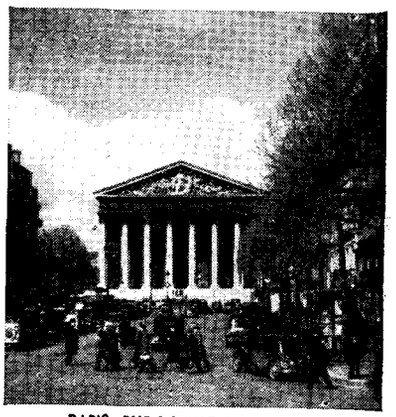

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The Saturday Review of Literature

"An Apology for Living"

NORMAN COUSINS

FRANKFURT, GERMANY.

I MET her in Germany and instantly fell in love. She was uncommonly pretty, with dancing brown eyes, a beguiling smile that charmed me right out of my wits, and a disconcerting way of squeezing my hand when I spoke. I knew from the instant I saw her I was hooked.

It happened quite by accident. I entered the room without knocking, for Dr. Lomask had told me it was empty. She was sitting by the window, braiding her long, dark hair. I began a stammering and apologetic retreat, but before I was halfway through the door she had quickly and nimbly crossed the room to my side. She insisted upon my staying, and when I started to explain how sorry I was for having intruded she laughed at my awkwardness. She took me by the hand, squeezing it as she led me across the room, and sat me down facing her. Then she smiled at me again while she resumed her attentions to her coiffure.

Suddenly my collar became overtight. I determined to mobilize at least some semblance of *savoir-faire,* but it was no use. Before I could even get my squirming finger out of my collar, she was examining me very carefully, her appraising eyes rolling over me like a steamroller on soft asphalt and with comparable effect.

Apparently I had passed muster, for she came over to me, placed herself on my lap, then put one arm around my neck and took my hand in hers.

"My name is Brisca," she said. "What's yours? Are you married? What are you doing here? Can you spend the afternoon with me? Will you have dinner with us tonight?"

All at once! I struggled for air. And again Brisca added to my disintegration by laughing freely at my obvious embarrassment, while tightening her grip around my neck. Right then and there, I knew I was a goner. I knew, too, that whatever our relations might be in future, I would have the subordinate role.

"Can't you speak?" she asked sternly. "I can speak four languages—English, German, Polish, Russian.

"I learned the languages in three concentration camps during the war," she went on. "Look, this tattoo mark on my arm was my number at Buchenwald. This one on my leg came from Oranienburg. I've got two other tattoo marks. We were moved to different camps."

I gasped. You see, my charming companion with the dancing brown eyes, lovely little Brisca, was a girl of perhaps six or seven, one of several hundred children at the displaced-persons camp in the center of the historic city of Bad Nauheim, in the American zone of Germany. Almost all these children, like Brisca, had known nothing of the world except what they had seen at concentration camps and D.P. centers. Many had miraculously survived the ordeal of birth at Buchenwald or Dachau or other camps. And many of them, like Brisca, had never seen their parents; the gas chambers at Majdanek had claimed most of them.

I spent almost two hours that afternoon with little Brisca as my guide,

—*Joint Distribution Committee.*

". . . soup again for supper, sometimes with a spoonful of meat."

exploring the camp and talking to people who lived there. But I am getting ahead of my story. Perhaps I ought to explain how it was I happened to be in Bad Nauheim in the first place. I was a member of a citizen's committee which had come to Germany at the invitation of General Lucius D. Clay, the American Military Governor. Our job—Arthur Garfield Hays's, Roger Baldwin's, and mine—was to examine and make recommendations relating to German democratization in general and civil liberties in particular. The survey was to cover both American military administration and German civil government.

ONE aspect of the survey involved the centers for displaced persons. As part of my own work, I visited all the D.P. camps in the Frankfurt military post area, there being a dozen military posts in all in the American zone. The camp at Bad Nauheim was my last stop. I had previously visited the camp at Hanau, "home" of some 5,500 Esthonians, Latvians, and Lithuanians who had no particular anxiety to return to their lands while the Soviet was in control; Zeilsheim, a center for almost 3,000 Jewish displaced persons, and Butzbach, a departure camp for about 1,300 D.P.'s of all nationalities lucky enough to gain admission to other countries.

I was especially anxious to see the camp at Bad Nauheim because I had heard somewhere that conditions there were worse than anywhere else in the Frankfurt military post area. Frankly, I had wondered whether the camps I had seen at Hanau, Zeilsheim, and Butzbach might not have been somewhat in the nature of unrepresentative display-case pieces, for I had been pleasantly surprised to find them not "camps" so much as communities. They were not roped off or separated in any way inside the cities of which they were a part but were, rather, neighborhoods in which the residents could circulate and intermingle freely in

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the city itself. Once a week or once a month there was a roll-call, but no daily check-in. People were permitted and encouraged to work in the cities, if they were lucky enough to find jobs. The camp supervisory staff and police were either drawn or elected from among the D.P.'s themselves. In Hanau, for example, the head of the camp was elected by popular vote; his job was not nominal but actually the top administrative position. Similarly, the hospital was staffed by D.P. doctors, nurses, and attendants, the schools by D.P. teachers, and so on. All work connected with the upkeep was done by D.P.'s, who received regular salaries.

THIS did not mean that Hanau or Zeilsheim or Butzbach were what one might call a vacation paradise. "Freedom of movement" would never have enough meaning unless it also meant freedom of exit. Living conditions were heartbreaking. Sometimes six or eight persons had to share a room not larger than an average-sized American kitchen. This had to serve as a combined bedroom, living room, and kitchen. In one room I counted seven "beds" placed so closely together that you would have to climb into them from the ends. The "beds" at Hanau consisted of thin mattresses placed over wooden boards about two feet off the floor. Camp food was so meager and monotonous as to be shocking to an American accustomed to the luxury of leftovers.

It might be said parenthetically, however, that these deplorable living conditions were not peculiar to the camps but reflected in large measure the crisis in food and housing throughout Germany today. The official calorie rate for both Germans and D.P.'s runs to 2,000 per day, but supplements (food bought on the outside or brought in by D.P.'s themselves—with the full approval of the authorities) add up in many cases to a better all-round diet for D.P.'s than for many Germans.

In any event, what I had seen at Zeilsheim, Hanau, and Butzbach—even giving full weight to the seriousness of the food and housing problem—was a far cry from the picture I had had of a slightly modified version of a concentration camp enclosed by barbed wire and patrolled by armed guards. When I heard, therefore, that the D.P. camp at Bad Nauheim came much closer to fitting the popular conception, I lost no time in making the trip. This time I decided to visit the camp without notifying the military in advance, for I was anxious to avoid any intimation that a semi-official inspection party might arrive, as well as to eliminate any possibility of a guided tour. In fairness to the military, however, it should be said that I was given complete freedom of travel and inspection anywhere in the American zone of Germany. The car placed at my disposal was without restrictions, although I was advised against the feasibility of sightseeing in the Soviet zone.

With an old German road map as a guide, I started out one morning for Bad Nauheim, about forty miles from Frankfurt. It was the longest forty miles I had ever traveled by car in my life, requiring about three and a half hours over some of the bumpiest and narrowest roads I had seen anywhere, not excluding those of my home town in Norwalk, Conn. Many links in the road had been bombed out during the war and had yet to be repaired. Later I learned to my great despair that I had been using an obsolete road map, for a four-laned concrete Autobahn highway, in perfect repair, ran directly from Frankfurt to within a half mile of Bad Nauheim.

To replace wooden, all-purpose boxes at displaced-persons camps, skilled D.P. carpenters fashion more comfortable chairs, tables, and beds. In some of the D.P. centers throughout the American zone in Germany inmates have built their own homes.

SEEING the city of Bad Nauheim after living in Frankfurt and Berlin was like wandering into a garden in full flower after a lifetime of wasteland. Bad Nauheim is a postcard manufacturer's paradise; like Heidelberg, it was undamaged by the war and derives its beauty from the combination of gorgeous natural setting, steep, cobblestoned streets, and old German architecture. And because Bad Nauheim was unbombed, its people were better housed, healthier, and seemed to be going somewhere in particular when they walked through the streets—unlike Berlin, where people seemed aimless, walking out of memory rather than purpose.

The D.P. camp at Bad Nauheim was located directly in the heart of the city, but, even after asking half a dozen persons for directions, I had difficulty in finding it. The reason, it developed, was simple. The "camp" was no camp at all but a community; in fact, it could hardly be called a community for it was not located in a single area with a single group of buildings, but spread around the center of the city, with houses here and there.

I discovered this fact only after I spotted a synagogue, walked up the steps, and tried the door, which was locked. A neatly-dressed man came over and asked whether I would like to go inside. I said yes and thanked him. He went away to get the key. While he was gone, I examined the building. It couldn't have been more than a year or two old. It had clean, unornamented lines, with just a suggestion of classical Near-Eastern architecture. The doors were freshly painted and the grounds well kept.

When the gentleman returned, he brought with him not only a key but three other men. All four introduced themselves as D.P.'s who were either the community or religious leaders. One of them was a doctor, who acted as my interpreter. We went inside the synagogue, and I could see at once that it would do credit to any American community: it was small but impressive, and there was no mistaking the pride with which one of the men drew back the curtain and showed me the holy scroll.

Dr. Lomask told me that the synagogue was less than three years old and that it was the gift of the American Army.

"Your soldiers—you call them GI's,

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no?—they built this church for us. For many of us, the GI's were our first hello to America, and we will never forget them."

In the basement of the synagogue were two meeting rooms. In one of them, prominently tacked on the wall, were large posters over the names of various governments. Dr. Lomask surprised me by saying that many nations competed with each other in inviting the D.P.'s to emigrate to their countries. There were posters from Belgium, The Netherlands, Great Britain, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Chile, Brazil, and Argentina.

"But it is not as good as it seems," Dr. Lomask said. "Most of the countries want only young, strong men without families. This is a nice poster from Belgium, but they want only men who will work in the mines. England is very good. She will take families and the old ones too. Canada and Australia will take families. But they are already taking more than their share and can't take them all. Most of the other countries are looking only for young labor."

"If the people here had complete freedom of choice, with assurance that the nations would accept families and the old ones," I asked, "which country would they pick?"

"Until a little while ago, most of them wanted to go to America. They had heard so much about it, and they were very much moved when the American soldiers built them the synagogue. But America would not take us. Even then we waited. But then we heard that America passes a law to take in many D.P.'s but there is something in the law that says our people cannot go there.

"And now everyone wants to go to Palestine. Each week some more are leaving. Last week eleven left. Next week nine will go. My friend here, Dorach, is going next month. It is the only thing. There is nothing else. It is not that we think we would not make good citizens for America or other places. But can we go where they will not take us? We can bring our families and the old ones to Palestine, and we can work. It will not be easy because there will be many different peoples who came there long before us, and we will have to try to find a place for ourselves. Work. It is the main thing. The men here talk about it all the time. They are afraid they have forgotten their trades. But they will be all right again when they have work to do. That is what they want more than almost anything else.

"We know there will be great trouble in Palestine. After the Arabs, there will be much internal disorder. Many different factions. We are worried about the Stern gang and the Irgun. We shall have to cope with them whatever way we can."

—*Illustrations from Joint Distribution Committee.*

Only one out of ten Jewish children in Europe survived Nazi extermination. They now total 182,000, of whom 138,000 are provided food and clothing under the Joint Distribution Committee's health program.

We left the synagogue and began walking over towards some of the houses which had been taken over for D.P.'s. I asked Dr. Lomask to tell me about himself.

HE was Polish and the sole survivor of a family of five. Two of his three children, both of them girls, had died in concentration camps, one of tuberculosis, the other of pneumonia. His wife and young son were exterminated in the gas chambers at Majdanek.

I could see that Dr. Lomask was scrutinizing me closely.

"It is all right," he said. "You can ask it. Everyone else does. You want to know how it is I am living and my family is dead. All of us here in Bad Nauheim have been asked that question so many times that we have—what do you call it?—a guilty conscience for being alive. That is not it exactly. I mean a 'guilt complex'; yes, that is it, we have a guilt complex because we are alive. We almost feel that we have to apologize for living.

"No one knows what he really is until something very terrible happens. You know they are coming for you and your family. You know they are coming to kill you. Then you go out of your mind with terror. You do what you can to save your family. You love your family. There is no question about that. But then somehow you find yourself trying to escape. There is only room for one. And then there is the nightmare of being an animal, of throwing away values that should be more important than life itself. And after it is over, after you find yourself alive and the others are dead, you have no mind left, you have only a body struggling to stay alive when there is no reason to be alive.

"I know. It happened to me."

He paused, lit his pipe, and puffed very slowly as we walked.

"I can see it in your eyes," he said. "You don't like what I tell you. You condemn it. You condemn me—us. I ask you please to believe we are not different from other people, no different from you or your friends or anyone you love, and I pray to God that nothing will ever happen to you or to anyone ever again to prove I am right.

"You think self-respect, conscience, pride ought to see one through? You are right—at first. In the first few months of the concentration camp you stand up under the beatings and the kickings—the kickings with the high, hard boots. Even the foul stuff they give you for food doesn't whip you—at first. But day after day it continues. Day after day whittling you down like a piece of wood. And little by little they whittle off your pride and self-respect, till you get to thinking that maybe they are right, maybe you are what they say you are, a stupid animal who must grovel and whine for the favor of being kept alive.

"After a year or two of this, after you see how cheap life can be—cheaper than rats, because at least rats have people to live off and we had nothing—after you see your own children die and other children die, so many of them, you find it hard to know when it happened and how it happened—after all this, you're no longer a person. What is left? I find it hard to remember. I remember only that by that time you live with the primitive

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instinct of an animal, getting by from one day to the next, and you do what you have to do, you lie, you cheat, you steal, you bribe, you turn on your friends.

"And when you hear that they are planning to kill you and your family and you know that this is the end of everything, one would suppose you would say, 'Thank God, now it is over,' but you don't. You scheme and whine and crawl on your belly, and you try to get out of it even though you know your family can't. Sometimes I ask myself, 'Who was it that acted like that, so craven and deceitful? Was it me? Was it man as God made him or was it man as man remade him?'"

I had been watching Dr. Lomask as he spoke. He was about fifty, of better than average height, but his stoop made him seem shorter and less thin than he actually was. His face was pale and gray, with little contrast against his rapidly graying hair. He had humility without weakness in his manner and carriage, and there was about him an air of great gentility and quiet dignity. He was soft-spoken, and I had the feeling that he spoke slowly and carefully not only because English was not his native tongue but because that was his accustomed way of speaking.

And yet, as I looked at him, I was puzzled and disturbed. I found it difficult to picture him as he had pictured himself. I couldn't reconcile this genteel, self-effacing man with the image that came to mind as he spoke.

"Dr. Lomask," I said with some hesitation, "I know that I have no right to ask this, but what you tell me has moved me so deeply that I am anxious to find out whether you have been able to recover from the shock of those years. Have you been able to recapture your earlier values or ideas about life? Have you been able to unmake, to use your own words, the man that man remade?"

He smiled. "You mean there have been two Dr. Lomasks, and you want to know which one I am now. Maybe neither. Maybe there is a third Dr. Lomask. Maybe the third Dr. Lomask is part of the first and part of the second but mostly part of something new.

"What I mean is that life starts up again, and it is never the same. Even the deepest wounds in the soul have a way of healing over. Little by little, the new problems and new opportunities create a new world, and before very long the ugly things are memories. But mostly it is the things you do. When you have to take care of other people, and you know these people trust you and need you, you start

(*Continued on page* 54)

The Laugh's on You

RUSSELL MALONEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The accompanying article is perhaps the last written by Russell Maloney before his death September* 4, 1948. *It will be included in a book of essays on writing from* The Saturday Review, *to be published sometime next spring by Longmans Green.*

SIXTEEN years ago—to spare you the arithmetic, it was the year known by the sinister name of 1932—a young man was lumpishly sitting, one early summer evening, on the porch of a house in Newton Centre, Massachusetts. He was brooding over the fact that, within a very few days, he was to be graduated from Harvard. He would soon need a job. A job? Ridiculous! Even people who were not Harvard graduates were having difficulty getting jobs.

This young man had in his lap a copy of the *Boston Traveler,* folded to the comic page. (Don't skip any of this, it's important.) Also to be found on the comic page was a gossip column conducted by an ornament of Boston journalism named Neal O'Hara. Buried in O'Hara's column that day was an item to the effect that *The New Yorker* magazine sometimes paid contributors for jokes to be illustrated by Peter Arno, Helen Hokinson, James Thurber, and other artists in their stable.

Something stirred within the torpid brain of that young man; that very day, in the local lending library, he had overheard a little scene which seemed to be right up Miss Hokinson's alley—the lady who ran the lending library remarking, as she handed over a hefty volume to one of her clients, "Now, don't take this too literally—

It's symbolic." A feeble enough situation, a mild line. Perfectly true; and yet, in that dreadful summer of 1932, it was worth seven dollars of *The New Yorker's* money when I submitted it.

That casual set of coincidences changed my life. If Neal O'Hara had not happened to hear that *The New Yorker* bought drawing ideas from outsiders, if he had not printed it, if I had not happened to read the item, if I had not that very day happened to overhear something that I thought was funny—any single break in this fragile chain of coincidence could have had but one result. I would have had to go out and work for my living. As it was, I became a professional humorist: specifically, a gag-man. Within a year, I was earning a tidy living selling ideas for cartoonists. I lived at home for a year or so; and if there were any other gag-men in Newton Centre, Massachusetts, at that time, I did not meet them. And yet, thus isolated, I worked out all the time-honored tricks of the professional humorist.

THE first joke I sold was something I had overheard and had spontaneously laughed at. The second, and the hundred-and-second, and the thousand-and-second, were manufactured, and I didn't laugh. Well, that was all right, I suppose; after all, a lawyer doesn't chuckle over his briefs, nor a surgeon at his operating table. Surgeon, lawyer, humorist—they're all doing a job. It isn't the discovery that writing jokes is a job that hurts; it's the discovery that it's nothing *but* a job. To state it a flossier way, all writing involves technique, but humorous writing is all technique.

Further, it's a standardized technique. Any laugh-getting enterprise, from the pawky whimsies of J. M. Barrie to the sub-human antics of Abbott and Costello, is based upon one trick—the building up of an emotion, and the acceptable release of that emotion. I say "that emotion," because I don't know what it is; I suspect that it's plain, old-fashioned hostility. Not hostility against any known enemy, but hostility against the very conditions of modern life. Life today is one subtle frustration after another, and there is nobody to punch in the nose. Consider a traffic jam, for instance; whom do you hate? You are

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"Furthermore, the Full-Employment Bill threatens to deprive every man of his God-given right not to work!"

caught, everybody around you is caught, you are all suffering—but who's the villain? The taxpayer goes home after a day teeming with frustration, turns on the radio, and listens to "comedy" shows. These shows are not very funny, at least not to the critic, the professionally discriminating listener, but they do offer this: undisguised hostility, open ridicule, situations of triumph and revenge as candid as a child's fantasy—in a word, it is the unmasking of the anonymous villain who has been dogging our poor little taxpayer all day long!

I NEVER did a great deal of humorous writing outside the pattern established by *The New Yorker*. This was of course a somewhat specialized set-up. There was the same old pattern of hostility, and laughter as the acceptable channel for the release of that hostility, but with one important difference—the hostility was directed at the readers by the writers, cartoonists, and editors. The readers were put on the defensive with a barrage of the most outrageously pointless anecdotes and drawings—in the manufacture of which I was, between the years 1934 and 1945, as guilty as anybody else. Whether or not the mystification of the readers was deliberate, it was there. Probably the motive was subconscious. In any case, it was there—unmistakably.

Just for instance—some years ago, there appeared in *The New Yorker* a drawing of a snow-covered hillside, with the tracks of a single skier. There was a tree on this hillside, and the ski-tracks went around it, one on one side, one on the other. It was an impossible situation, and funny only when you thought of the reader, the reader completely bamboozled by the reputation of the magazine he had bought, feebly trying to "get" the joke.

Not to "get" a joke is of course a great disgrace in our joke-ridden culture. There are two musts: to "get" a joke, to understand it; and to "take" a joke, if it is directed at oneself. No matter how bald and openly hostile a personal thrust may be, if it is cast in the form of a joke it may not be openly resented. The man in the old novel "The Virginian" was restating this truth when he said, to a man who used a fighting epithet, "When you call me that, smile." What he meant was, "If you smile you may call me that—if it's a joke I have to take it."

Humor is a token. It hardly matters whether it's "good" or "bad" by any critical standards. Critics seem to have realized this. Critical literature, at least, contains relatively little discussion of funny writing, and that little is cautious and unproductive. There are no standards. Humor is something that makes you laugh, and the definition of it depends on you—you at a particular time and place, you under such-and-such a combination of circumstances.

I said that the writing of humor is all technique. Every humorist makes the same discoveries. Every humorist begins by thinking himself inspired, and ends with the knowledge that he is a hack with a pitifully small bag of tricks. While I was still living in Newton Centre and selling jokes to *New Yorker* cartoonists, I evolved the method that most of them use. I made lists. Lists of places: an airport, a progressive school, a lighthouse, a saloon, a public library, and a hundred others. Lists of people: twins, baseball players, drunks, door-to-door brush salesmen, chess players, sandwich men, and the like. Lists of common expressions and trite phrases like "It never rains but it pours," "I always cry at weddings," "Another day, another dollar," "Ten per cent off for cash," "It isn't the heat, it's the humidity," "Spare the rod and spoil the child"—you have the idea by now. Now the formula for humor is merely unexpected juxtaposition. To create a drawing idea, I simply moved the lists up and down, creating different juxtapositions of people, place, and words. For instance, on my list of expressions, I had "Thanks, I'll smoke it later," which is, of course, what a man says when you give him a cigar. On my list of places, I had a farm. Out of this purely mechanical formula—with, as the chemists say, of inspiration a trace—came a nice little drawing idea. The scene is a farmyard, where a farmer is cutting up a pig he has butchered. He hands a flank of the pig to another farmer, who says, "Thanks, I'll smoke it later." I was unable to sell this gag during the whole of my gag-writing career, and cheerfully bequeath same to any young cartoonist who thinks he may be able to get somewhere with it.

Relatively unimportant in the humor industry as we know it today, a drop of good writing in the bucket of manufactured fun, is the personal essay, which survives in *The New Yorker*. Nobody there calls it the personal essay—"casual" is the inner-circle term. This is a good word to describe the effect that the writer and editors want to produce in the reader; it hardly fits the process by which it is produced.

NOT only is the writer of a casual put through the same editorial mill as all the other contributors, reporters, poets, and critics—a mill that grinds exceeding fine and produces, after seven or eight sets of galley proofs have been chewed up, a piece that can be comfortably read by a reader with no background and no powers of concentration—he must conform to a special pattern based on the age of the magazine. This is a little hard to explain, but I'll try.

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Fiction. *All of Carl Sandburg's works, from his poetry to his massive study of Abraham Lincoln, has revealed a writer possessed by the vision of America's destiny. At last, more than thirty years after "Chicago Poems," "Remembrance Rock,"—his long awaited panoramic novel of American life—has been published. In the 1,100 pages of this crowded historical landscape the reader may discover why this nation has become great. It is safe to say that no one but an American could have written it. Indeed, all of the books reviewed this week, with one exception, are typical of the stress and urgency of our lives. That exception is Christopher Sykes's "Answer to Question 33" (reviewed on page 17), which is typical of the best of English writing today.*

The American Dream Panorama

REMEMBRANCE ROCK. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 1,067 pp. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SOSKIN

CARL SANDBURG has devoted more than four years to the composition of this 1,067-page novel. He might have devoted his entire lifetime to it and many more thousand pages, and yet not have been able to realize the great stature of the conception which inspires the book. It is not an extraordinary situation for a novelist who yearns to crowd into a single novel most of American history, American philosophy, American social problems, idealism, and all the other quantities Mr. Sandburg suggests in his term "the American Dream," — only to find that the literary form he has chosen simply will not contain his momentous meaning. "Remembrance Rock" is logically organized for Mr. Sandburg's purpose. He has conceived of our history and of our present political and moral character as a great adventure into the unknown, a dream of liberty that has no superimposed goals but for which there is a core of growth in every man's heart. For that dream men have been willing to undergo agony, and with each test the nation has met, the dream has acquired greater and richer reality. It is reasonable, then, that the first section of the novel should deal with the persecution in Europe from which the Puritans fled and the vast wilderness they had to conquer in order to establish a free way of life. It is reasonable, too, that these chapters should center about the struggle of Roger Williams and his followers to maintain the liberty which the Puritans themselves were forgetting. The next climactic point in Mr. Sandburg's allegory deals with the Continental Congress, the composition of the Declaration of Independence, and then the unspeakable ordeals of Valley Forge. A third large chunk of the book deals, of course, with the sectional struggles before the Civil War, and the shaping of national unity.

A bare statement of these themes cannot suggest the tremendous detail, the impressive historical research, the endless variety of allegorical personifications of various national traits and characteristics, the song, the high romance, the salty humor, the flights of lyricism, the great folk pattern of each of these panels. At the same time it must be admitted that despite all the fire Mr. Sandburg has breathed into the huge gallery of his people and despite all the efforts he has made to function as a relaxed, human storyteller rather than a definitive historian, his portrayals of each of these periods of American life are somehow static. There is an heroic quality about them which gives these dramas the proportions and the general texture of a mural. You may look upon the carefully composed incidents of such a mural—errant Puritans in the stocks, figures of trysting girls and youths who defy the inexorable Puritan conventions, the drinking, the carnality, the figures of labor and of sturdy yeomanry, all painted with vigor and dash —and yet they remain the mannered people of an historical landscape.

Occasionally an especially impassioned moment takes the story out of the museum, but these moments usually revolve about lurid situations far removed from the mainstream of Mr. Sandburg's narrative. His Puritan girl, Remember, achieves a climax in her rebellion against autocratic elders, for example, when she asks her father: "Have I, your daughter, been a slattern that you should speak to me as though I am filth? . . . Am I a strum-

THE AUTHOR: Carl Sandburg is probably prouder of his horny, string-plucking fingertips than all the honors he has acquired in seventy years as bard, biographer, folk-singer, and historian. "Feel those callouses," he'll urge a lady, his eyes crinkling caret-like. After five years' immersion in "Remembrance Rock" he is eager to be with the guitar-playing gang again—"one of the most distinguished coteries in New York." Six banjo lessons when he was a teenage milk wagoner and three vocal lessons at Lombard College comprise his formal training for the coast-to-coast troubadouring that helped him to support and document the immortal six-volume biography "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years" and "The War Years," Pulitzer-plumed in 1940. The son of an immigrant Swedish blacksmith, he worked as a lad in brickyards and potteries, shoveled coal, harvested wheat, washed dishes. He was a volunteer in the Spanish-American War, advertising manager, salesman, and *Chicago Daily News*paperman. In 1904 his first poems appeared in a pamphlet. A decade later *Poetry* published another group. That year his "Chicago" won the Levinson Prize. The book "Chicago Poems" followed, and in 1918, while abroad, he took the Pulitzer award for "Cornhuskers." Today his Galesburg, Ill., birthplace is a shrine, and selections from his works—among them "The American Songbag," "Storm Over the Land," "Good Morning, America," and "The People, Yes"—are part of the European orientation program. Their author has 240 acres in the Smokies in which to roam with his grandchildren—"a hell of a baronial estate for a proletarian poet!" Mrs. Sandburg breeds champion goats; daughter Helga writes, paints, and helps her father. He pays scant sartorial respects to success, clearly more relaxed in unpressed homespun with his feet curled pigeon-toed in the most enduring shoes south of the Bowery. "I could publish another book of poems," he says, "but I'm letting them age in the wood. . . . Ha!"—R. G.

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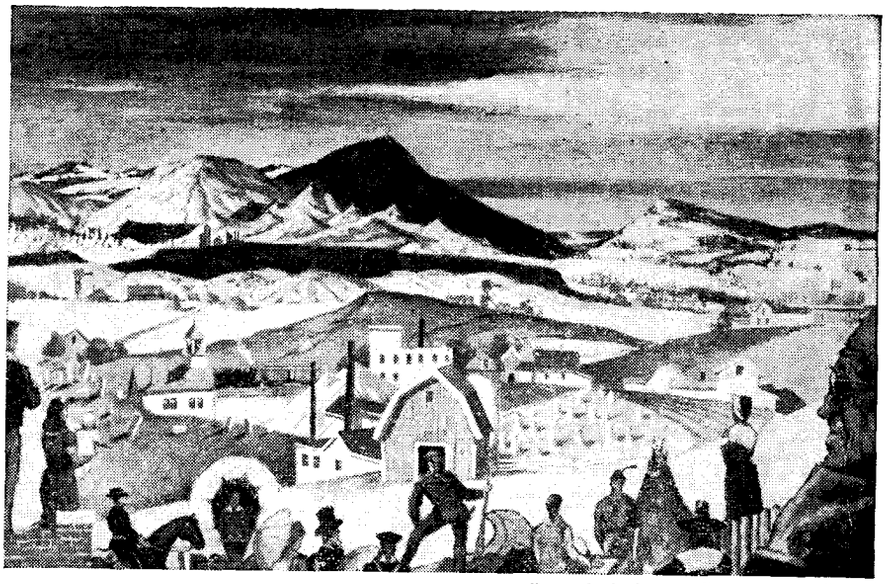
pet, of foul and stinking sin who violates the memory of my mother and her archangels?" So, too, the thoroughly accurate and sensitively drawn American Revolutionary panel, while it contains conventional mural portraits of George Washington and General Howe, of the Whig and Tory conflicts, the Tea Parties and riots, also comes more vividly to life in the melodramatic accidents. The tarring and feathering of a Tory sympathizer; the seizure of spies; the intense love-affairs of soldiers and their loyal, long-suffering women — these again are the kinds of incidents that give fictional and dramatic depth to the story, and alleviate the sometimes uncomfortable dignity and philosophic profundity Mr. Sandburg maintains.

The author is naturally more at home in the Civil War period, and does not seem to be overwhelmed here by the scope of his own story. His tales of the abolitionists, of the underground railway, of the folk growth on the prairies, provide something of a Populist symphony for his work. Even the figure of Abraham Lincoln walks easily in these pages. And here Mr. Sandburg achieves his greatest success in demonstrating the sturdy, seemingly casual, accidental patterns of life by which whole peoples find themselves unwittingly involved in wars.

Throughout the story the author's chief plea is for tolerance and for the avoidance of bigotry. The spirit of liberty, he tells us, is never too sure that it is right. And periodically the maxim of Francis Bacon turns up to guide the children of Mr. Sandburg's story. It is: *The Four Stumbling Blocks to Truth* 1) The influence of fragile or unworthy authority. 2) Custom. 3) The imperfection of undisciplined senses. 4) Concealment of ignorance by ostentation of seeming wisdom.

An epilogue to the book, laid in modern Washington at a household that bears resemblances to Mr. Sandburg's own home, applies many of these principles and conclusions to modern political life. But the discussion is almost entirely on a highly emotional and sentimentally idealistic plane. It leads one to wonder whether the almost mystic conceptions of American history Mr. Sandburg expresses would stand his own philosophic tests. The American Dream grows out of people's hearts and out of the agony they undergo to establish their state. But there are so many types of hearts and so many states that have been created out of other peoples' agonies —may it not be the imperfection of undisciplined senses that sometimes makes us see our own dream as more important than theirs?



—From the jacket of "Remembrance Rock."

Salem's Aristotles and Magpies

THE RUNNING OF THE TIDE. By Esther Forbes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 632 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER LAING

TOWARD the end of the eighteenth century, when shipmasters from the larger American seaboard cities were snooping warily around the Pillars of Hercules, wondering whether to dare the hazards of the Mediterranean, the vessels of two small New England towns were lacing the ends of the earth. Most of the young men of Nantucket and Salem were citizens of the universe before they had attained voting age at home. It was rather more the rule than the exception for them to command their own vessels while still in their early twenties. Many, before they had turned thirty, surrendered the rigors of the quarterdeck to younger men, swallowed their golden anchors, and became merchants and financiers. Each of these two communities, at a time when its population numbered less than ten thousand, had much the character of a cosmopolitan world capital. Each, at the same hour, had an individuality that was astonishing, unmistakable, unique. The records of Nantucket's greatness survive to us in a somewhat muddled and fragmentary arrangement. Salem was more fortunate in its early Aristotles and magpies. The collections which presently were concentrated chiefly in the Peabody Museum and the Essex Institute are both comprehensive and revealing. It is to these living relics that Esther Forbes had returned for the stuff of her loving, overlong novel "The Running of the Tide."

The historical novel, latterly, has come to depend more and more upon the old picaresque formula which had, in its origins, nothing in particular to do with history. As if plotted upon a sine wave, the story must soar to a lush bit of four-poster ecstasy every fifteen pages, and plummet in the interstices into violence and cruelty. It is therefore something of a relief to come upon a tale which does not rely upon such gaudy devices at all. Miss Forbes approaches her task and material respectfully. The faults of her novel, in so far as it is faulty, are those of too laborious an attention to details. Her publishers may have had this on their minds when they printed, on the dust wrapper, Miss Forbes's statement: "Too many notes, and therefore too many facts, are apt to blur the human equation. Actually it should not matter whether the heroine wears crinolines or the New Look." Fortunately, the period picture in this case would be fascinating if there were no plot at all.

Miss Forbes has followed, for structure, the serviceable device of a family of seafaring brothers: the youngest a weakling somewhat more in love—or in hero-worship—with the oldest than he is able to be with any woman. It is the fate of Peter, the youngest brother, to assume in proud silence the moral burdens left behind in Salem when Dash Inman, master of the *Victrix,* takes his departure from Pigeon Hill. And because Peter Inman is inexperienced, and wishes to save his adored brother the consequences of an ill-starred, brief amour, he succeeds only in complicating both their lives irreparably. A crisis which might have been solved, one way or another,

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if faced promptly by a group of young people, is buried just deep enough to make it difficult to resurrect at any particular later point. Yet it remains latent, and critical at every turn, to frustrate them all to their deaths.

The publishers, again to quote the dust wrapper, call it "a titanic struggle of conscience rarely equaled in American fiction." Given the circumstances, it could be such a conflict, but it is not. On the level of plot, the people and circumstances are rather more exasperating than piteous and terrible. The background is vivid, true, and convincing—if we allow for the historical novelist's almost inevitable quota of minor slips. The ethical problem is well stated, and inevitably worked out. The trouble is with the people. They are not unlike the personalities that lurk behind the letters printed in such old journals as Miss Forbes has drawn upon for much of her material. We think: "This is a real statement, from a real person, deeply concerned over a real problem." And yet it requires a separate act of the imagination to cut back through time and space into this real person's consciousness. It is because, in nearly every such case, the writer was not a creative artist.

A multitude of *things*, however true and orderly, may stand between us and the fact of character. In this story, they do. Miss Forbes uses a hundred pages to get the *Victrix* off to sea on her first voyage. All of these pages are good reading, but it is only at this late point that the nature of the moral conflict even begins to be revealed. The dramatic crises, thereafter, are almost muted. Frequently the action slides the circumstance. The stuff of a first-rate scene is foreshadowed. Then it is handled in reminiscence. So far as characters in immediate activity are concerned, it has never occurred at all. Miss Forbes, in an "Afterword," stresses her use of the *Victrix* as symbolical of the "first" American ship to penetrate forbidden Japan. Our anticipations are aroused as she brings the ship up to Nagasaki. In the next scene she is sailing away again. All of the particular wonder and strangeness —and tedium—of the months in that fantastic port are passed over. Was it true, as rumored, that the Americans had to crawl on their faces, desecrate the Dutch flag under which they sailed, spit on the crucifix, lie in daily peril of being crucified? We are not told.

No, this is Salem's book, from first to last. The fact remains that most of it is good reading, even if there is much too much of it at all points except the dramatic climaxes. Many of the minor characters are excellently conceived and drawn. The smell, the mood, the color of the town are always convincing. Such slips as I noticed have little or nothing to do with Salem itself.

Miss Forbes writes much more understandably of women than of men, and rather better about dogs than about human beings of either persuasion. But the true heroine of her book is a town and its personality. Some of the most loving writers about Salem have been the least endearing. It has become something of a tradition for hardshell reactionaries to hold up this particular accident of time, place, and circumstance as an example of what the whole country might still be, if no central government had ever meddled with it. Miss Forbes skirts this temptation with good humor and grace, admitting that her Inmans are not Jeffersonians, and letting the picture, as she has drawn it, point its own morals. It is too bad, I think, that she did not content herself with the task of writing the biography of Salem, rather than the insufficiently realized tragedy of the Inmans and the two women, aristocrat and peasant, whose lives they complicated into a tragedy that dwindles away in the telling.

A Problem Transplanted

WALK IN DARKNESS. By Hans Habe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1948. 314 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

SEVERAL years ago "A Thousand Shall Fall," Hans Habe's personal story of the battle in France against Germany, introduced a promising new author whose simple, warm prose added no little to the extraordinary atmosphere of tension in his book. Then came "Kathrine," a sophisticated and not altogether convincing tale of society people in Europe. Next, "Aftermath," basically the passionate love story of an American officer in Germany, showed the young author (he was born in Budapest, but writes in German) growing in stature. Now comes "Walk in Darkness," a sincere, but sometimes depressing narrative with an important theme, however overemphasized: a Negro's struggle against the forces of evil outside and within himself, precipitated because society will not forget that Washington Roach is a Negro. The events, which take place in Germany and France in 1946, serve only as background.

The novel opens in Harlem. Washington has had enough of poverty and the hate of white people. He wants to get away from the world behind the funeral parlor where he was born. He knows his skin is dark and that "the God in the Bible is white"—and that God has not created men equal. However in Italy, where he fought the war, he had seen Negroes and white people mix without hesitation. So he re-enlists, and is sent to Germany. Now, he thinks, he will be able to breathe more freely. Germans don't hate Negroes.

His friends warn him. "In Europe you're in the Army too. When you're in the Army, you're in America. And in America you're a nigger." But he believes they are wrong. In a Bavarian village he meets Eva, pale, fragile, blonde, a farmer's daughter, and he falls madly in love with her. Perhaps only because with her he never thinks of himself as colored. Eva likes him; he brings her chocolate and cigarettes, and he will take her to America.

Again his friends warn him: "White people work on you like alcohol. You get drunk on them. You don't know what you are doing any more. You can't tell wrong from right." This, because Washington has begun to steal supplies to buy Eva nice things. Having stumbled once, he stumbles over and over again. When Eva tells him she is with child, he asks the authorities for permission to marry her. The answer is: No. His good friend Chaplain Durant tries to help him, but is advised: "The girl would only

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 277

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 277 will be found in the next issue.

ACE GKM'O BCDZ K

HKM ZCFM FROBCEO

LOKARMP ZCFM FROB BRH

TCCNWX O. FKLBRMPOCM

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 276

The community in which each man acts like his neighbor is not yet a civilized community.

A. H. SAYCE.

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be unhappy if the marriage is permitted." So the Negro and the white girl are secretly married by a German priest. When the news leaks out, court-martial threatens. Besides, Eva seems to have tired of the dark man.

Washington is not an Othello and not a fighter. He deserts and goes into the black market, joining a legion of disillusioned young Germans who had returned from prison camps, of displaced persons and of Americans. Washington, soon chief of a gang of smugglers and highway robbers, brings Eva jewels and money, but she begins to hate him, because her parents and the neighbors have turned against her. She tells him she does not want his child now that they no longer can go to America, and when the baby is born, and Father Durant takes it to Selma, a Jewish girl who wants to adopt it, Washington kidnaps his own child. About to be arrested, he kills one of the constabulary and flees. After a few peaceful weeks at a French farm, he is again arrested, court-martialed, brought to New York and executed.

Hans Habe has asked a question which is not new. It has been asked for ages. But for those who wonder with him: "What can be done?" he provides an answer. Father Durant tells the prisoner in his death cell: "There is no such thing as heaven on earth but there are people who are good, people like Selma. Maybe that is what you'd call a glimpse of heaven."

"Walk in Darkness" tells a gloomy and dramatic story, and the author, not sparing his punches, does not miss the drama in telling it. Dealing with one of America's grave problems transplanted into a foreign land, it is written with the depth and spiritual

"What can be done?" Hans Habe provides an answer.

Game of Beggar-My-Neighbor

ANSWER TO QUESTION 33. By Christopher Sykes. New York: William Sloane Assoc., Inc. 1948. 278 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

IF one can imagine a novel in which Evelyn Waugh and Sir Osbert Sitwell had collaborated, it might resemble "Answer to Question 33," the second book of a brilliant English writer to appear in this country. It reflects in places something of Sitwell's sparkling and involved descriptive style and his nostalgic affection for the mellow glories of England's old country places and the aristocratic way of life. It is as satirically savage in its portraits of titled men and women, their sons and daughters, and their sycophants, who were all living, when the novel begins, on borrowed time, as Waugh at his devastating best. Christopher Sykes has the familiar qualities that mark so many intelligent English novelists; indeed, his novel is a personification of the Oxford-schooled writer of this and other days, urbane, sophisticated, well-bred, and amusing. It lacks the powerful drive of the contemporary American novel; it is never feverish, or raucously indignant at social abuses, nor has it any guiding scheme for conduct to be discovered, unless it is that passion should be controlled, sentimentality abhored, and the stiff upper lip, with which all Britishers have been credited since the war, used for a quiet smile at the perversity of human conduct. It remains for the reader to discover whether there is truth in the trite observation that a talented Englishman writes better than any American, but that he has less to say.

Mr. Sykes has neglected in "Answer to Question 33" most of the conventions for the manufacture of novels. It has no plot, it does not rise to any climax, and it has no denouement, though it does bring to life characters that are not easy to forget. It begins with a question asked in the House of Commons about an anti-British propagandist in Moscow known as Donna Isbella, which leads an Englishman who had played a minor role in the great drama of the war and its aftermath to set down the recollections of his life from his youth, to the present time, and principally of the events that led to the birth and death of his love for two women. This Englishman—who had made something of a sensation when he left Oxford as the youthful composer of poetry, the source of which he alone

Christopher Sykes . . . "never feverish or raucously indignant."

knew came from other men, then became attached to the consular service in Syria and Egypt, and finally wound up in a prosaic printing business in England—was born on the threshold of aristocracy itself. As a boy he lived with his mother and sister close by Almury, the magnificent country seat of an ancient family, the Medlams, whose head was Lord Bridlington. He fell in love with this graceful domestic masterpiece of the great architects and designers of the eighteenth century, and, less fortunately for him, with Caroline Medlam, the daughter of the house.

There was a son of the house, too, perverse and weak, who betrayed, as did Caroline, the evil effects of a cold and imperious mother and an indifferent father, which led the son into debauchery and the daughter into a denial of the more admirable qualities she had inherited, a denial that led her to escape from the confinement of wealth and lineage to lovers who had no right to possess her. Young Kirkby, who had no pretensions to either, became unwittingly her devoted slave. Frustrated by a love which had over the years only two brief periods of consummation, and by the long intervals in which he was separated from her, he became the intelligent, ironic observer of life the novel records. He became a man who, after experiencing the direful years that led up to and through the war, would never find satisfaction from the achievements his talents should have brought to him.

Kirkby's second love, Donna Isbella, was an Italian married into an old family living in Alexandria. Utterly

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unlike imperious and mercurial Caroline, and a devotee of the causes for the relief of humanity, her affair with him led to true affection, then to misunderstanding, and what actually amounted to his betrayal of her when she was suspected of espionage during the war. In the end he is freed of the obligation to love either of them. That is the central plot, if plot it can be called, of Mr. Sykes's novel. There are dramatic incidents, a host of characters of all sorts, scenes in England and the Near East which embroider brilliantly and colorfully the essential sterility of Kirkby's life. It is the artistry with which they are brought to life and to light that gives this novel its peculiar distinction.

At the close of his book Mr. Sykes writes, "We three had all disfigured our lives in the same way. We had all yielded to the same delusion, to that arrogant, faithless self-reliance which is a near relation of vanity, which I had first met disguised as the once-exalted 'modern mind,' and which in very different ways made us blind to the secret and the solution of human grief. We sought compensations through each other. In our drawn-out game of beggar-my-neighbor we all impoverished ourselves in some measure of our greatest possession. We were left with loveless lives, and so we remain unless the wheel comes full circle."

This is the meaning that any observant reader will have drawn from his pages, if he is seeking a meaning beyond his pleasure in the author's gifts of style, description, and observation. As you depend only on yourself and other people on whom your vanity can feed, you exhaust yourself and impoverish the giver. It is almost the only sententious sentence in the novel. The rest is illumination and decoration.

"Mistress of the Gray House"

BRIDE OF FORTUNE. By Harnett T. Kane. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 301 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IN the spring of 1861 a remarkable woman moved into the Spotswood, the hotel that served as temporary executive mansion of the Confederacy in Richmond. Varina Howell Davis, wife of the Provisional President, was regarded by the patrician dames of Virginia as a parvenu. Did she not come from the frontier town Natchez on the Mississippi? Had her father not been a half-pay officer from New Jersey when he took up his plantation "The Briars"? But Mrs. Jefferson Davis did not long delay in establishing her social and to some extent intellectual preeminence among the ladies in Richmond. Actually she could boast of excellent family: her paternal grandfather had been governor of New Jersey, and on her mother's side she sprang from the Pempes of Virginia. With long experience of political and social life in Washington, she was a gracious and dignified hostess. What was more important, she had strong sense, great coolness and self-possession, a wide fund of reading, and, despite a tendency toward excessively blunt speech, no little tact. She was much better fitted to be a President's wife than her counterpart in the White House in Washington.

Indeed, students of the life and times of the Davises have unanimously shown more warmth for Varina than for her proud, moody, stiff-tempered husband. For one reason, her two-volume "Memoir" of Jefferson Davis is so much livelier, kindlier, and more human than anything he ever wrote. For another, her devotion to family, state, and the Southern cause was so unswerving. And for a third, the diarists and letter-writers of the time have left such appreciative impressions of her shrewd mind, her humorous nature, and her sensitive heart. Mrs. Burton Harrison speaks in her autobiography of the warmth that was combined with her impetuous, witty, and sometimes even caustic tongue. T. C. De Leon praises her charity, her candor, and the sense of proportion that grew out of her wide knowledge of people and affairs. "Mrs. Davis had a sense of humor painfully acute, and the unfitness of things provoked laughter rather than rage." Even when bearing a heavy burden of social obligations and acting as the mainstay of her neurasthenic husband, she found time to visit hospitals and bereaved families, and to distribute food and clothing to the needy. Gamaliel Bradford, assembling all the evidence, has paid hearty tribute to her in an essay in his "Wives."

This is the appealing and impressive figure who moves through the pages of Mr. Kane's narrative; not so much a novel as a veracious chronicle with fictional adornments in the way of certain invented conversations and scenes. We see Varina first as a high-spirited schoolgirl with a special tutor at "The Briars"; we take leave of her as she rides through cheering Richmond with her husband on the day in 1867 when Davis won release from Fortress Monroe. The book falls into three parts. The wealthy planting society of western Mississippi occupies the first third, depicted with the expertness we should expect from a man who has written a half dozen books on the lower Mississippi River; Washington in the feverish Fifties, when Davis was Senator, Secretary of War, and Senator again, fills the middle portion; and the last part is given to the grim struggle of the Confederacy for independence. All the events are seen through Varina's sensible, clearsighted eyes. Completely wrapped up in her brilliant and difficult husband, idolizing his integrity and ability, she repeatedly analyzed events more astutely than he did, wincing when he made enemies, counseling him against rash steps. She was never in the background of his life, but shared everything: his dislike of Clay and Douglas, his friendships with Seward, Pierce, and Judah P. Benjamin, his fighting hostility toward certain Yankees, his agonies over secession, his troubles with Joe Johnston and other Confederate generals, the almost intolerable

(*Continued on page* 36)

Carmel Bay

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

THE fog drifts by—white fringe across the hill—
Ranging the pines in layered black and gray
Like silhouettes a giant cut to fill
His stage's back-drop for a mammoth play;
A short, fierce struggle—and the sun wins through!
Now, where the sea was lapping liquid lead,
Is cloudy jade, and glowing lapis-blue,
With flings of diamonds where ripples spread.

The stage is set for "Tempest"—here should be
The shipwrecked courtiers, staring dazed surprise;
Here Prospero's cave; and here the twisted tree
Where Ariel was prisoned—now he flies
To bring the young prince ransomed from the sea
To meet Miranda, wonder in her eyes.

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U.S.A. *The last half century saw a number of books in American history which marked turning points in our interpretation of our past. One thinks of Frederick Jackson Turner's "The Significance of the Frontier in American History" and of the late Charles Beard's "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution"; of Arthur Meier Schlesinger's "New Viewpoints in American History" of 1922 and, in intellectual history, Vernon Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought." Richard Hofstadter's "The American Political Tradition" (reviewed here) is a challenging book which may in time be ranked with them. . . . Meanwhile, historians have been busy delving into the source materials which go into the making of books like Hofstadter's. This year has been particularly rich in Americana like "Dixie Raider," and other works reviewed below.*

Politicos and Their Performance

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL TRADITION AND THE MEN WHO MADE IT. By Richard Hofstadter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 378 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by ELIOT JANEWAY

IN this new Knopf History Fellowship Award, Richard Hofstadter invites us to assess and reinterpret the American political tradition. His own assessment and reinterpretation are both interesting and exasperating and, to this reader, rather more exasperating than interesting. Hofstadter is attempting to analyze political performance in intellectual terms, through the medium of biographical sketches of practitioners of politics—of Jefferson, Jackson, Calhoun, Lincoln, Wendell Phillips, Bryan, Wilson, the two Roosevelts. This is neither an intellectual history of basic issues nor a political analysis of pressures and operations. Inevitably, therefore, the book is superficial by serious intellectual standards, and supercilious by realistic political standards. Anecdotes, footnotes, and occasional apercus make pleasant reading, but the book suffers from its tendency to "expose" such established facts as the intellectual conservatism of Lincoln, Wilson, and, particularly, Theodore Roosevelt.

Hofstadter is bothered by illogic, and admittedly the contradiction between T.R.'s notoriously reactionary *Weltanschauung* and his glandular political liberalism was illogical. But instead of seeing T. R. as what he was —a slightly plump modern edition of Henry V—Hofstadter is peeved because Roosevelt's personal views are not of a piece with the impact of his personality upon his times. No historian has a right to be peeved with history; and no student of political history has a right to be peeved when a politician says one thing and does another. To measure the cross currents and complexities of human relationships by the rigidities of Aristotelian logic is something that Aristotle himself knew better than to do.

Hofstadter has cast a wide net. He has compressed a great deal of Americana into his tract for the times. But it is a tract, not a systematic history. It is his thesis that the mirage of tradition is blinding us to the march of history. "When competition and enterprise were rising," he says, "men thought of the future; when they were flourishing, of the present. Now—in an age of concentration, bigness, and corporate monopoly—when competition and opportunity have gone into decline, men look wistfully back to a golden age." But they generally do. In fact, the way people move forward is by looking backward.

"Richard Hofstadter is bothered by illogic."

This is the way we made the Revolution. Hofstadter makes a great deal of the point that the Founding Fathers "gloried in the newness of what they were doing." But the responsibility imposed upon the Fathers was one of operating politically, not of stimulating intellectually. Accordingly, the philosophy they expressed in the Declaration of Independence, far from being new, was what Carl Becker called "good old English doctrine newly formulated to meet a present emergency." And it was not a doctrine conceived as a plan of action or as a guide for the future. On the contrary, as Becker shows in his "The Declaration of Independence," it twisted and turned the age-old and thoroughly artificial social compact theory of government into "a formal justification of an act already accomplished."

The act of independence once accomplished and justified, the young Republic no longer needed—or trusted —the explosive philosophy which had celebrated its birth. Hofstadter's view pigeonholes the nineteenth century under the label forward-looking or, at least, present-minded. The fact is, however, that the entire history of the last century—not excepting the history of the fight for and the perversion of the Fourteenth Amendment—is the history of a determined retreat from the assumptions accepted in the eighteenth century as common sense.

A famous psychological theory traces our emotions back to our muscles. Instead of laughing because we are happy and crying because we are not, it holds that we are happy because we laugh and unhappy because we cry. Whatever this theory may be worth as psychology, it offers a helpful analogy with political behavior. Now political action forces new political theory. But before bold action can provoke bold conception, battered and familiar cliches must sanction bold action. The only man more timid than the one with a million dollars is the man with a million votes. Hofstadter complains because "the issues of the twentieth century are still debated in the language of Jefferson's time." But this proves nothing more than that debate progresses at one pace and politics at another.

Quite apart from the incidental fact that the way to move forward intellectually is to go far enough back, debate in Jeffersonian terms is calculated to stir up a more turbulent social ferment than a war over new words. The time-lag between tradition and history, which Hofstadter finds so disturbing, is not a bar to progress; it is a condition of progress. Nostalgia

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is an intellectual irritant but political catalyst. Of course Lincoln fought to save slavery, and of course Franklin Roosevelt claimed credit for saving capitalism. But John Calhoun would have told Lincoln, and Andrew Mellon would have told Roosevelt that sworn revolutionaries could have done no worse. Lincoln and Roosevelt were bridge-builders between the past and the future; in order to move forward, they had to look back.

Hofstadter objects not merely to our looking backward, but to what he believes we are looking at. From Jefferson on, he says, our history is the history of the sovereignty of property:

> Even when some property right has been challenged . . . in the name of the rights of man or the rights of the community, the challenge, when translated into practical policy, has actually been urged on behalf of some kind of property . . . Although it has been said repeatedly that we need a new conception of the world to replace the ideology of self-help, free enterprise, competition, and beneficent cupidity upon which Americans have been nourished since the foundation of the Republic . . . the business of politics . . . is to protect this competitive world, to foster it on occasion, to patch up its incidental abuses, but not cripple it with a plan for common collective action. American traditions also show a strong bias in favor of equalitarian democracy, but it has been a democracy in cupidity rather than a democracy of fraternity.

The elaboration of this point of view is Hofstadter's justification for joining an otherwise disconnected series of historical sketches into a book. Some of the sketches digest familiar material, others gather together new and valuable items of Americana. But it is the point of view that makes the book, and it is an odd point of view. For example, it involves him, an avowed liberal, in an eerie agreement with no less reactionary a figure than John C. Calhoun. He seems to believe, as Calhoun did, that labor agitation is bad for capitalism. But even conservative opinion has come to agree that the pressure of labor for more of the production dollar produces more production. Senator Taft would be the first to say that rising labor costs force the capital investments in new machinery without which capitalism would stagnate. But Hofstadter's book abounds in such casual dogmas as: "Caste prejudice and political conservatism have made the South a major stronghold of American capitalism." Actually, caste prejudice and political conservatism have impeded the growth of capitalism in the South. The anti-democratic South is pre-capitalist. In the new South industrialization and democracy are allies.

Hofstadter refers again and again to the twin dragons of industrial and finance capitalism. He does not see our history as a series of pitched battles fought by the people, for the most part successfully, to tame such dragons into useful work-horses (as, for example, banks now are). "Under a system of finance capitalism," he says, "the government of the United States can hardly carry on without at least the passive cooperation of the financial community." Roosevelt did not give a hoot in hell for "finance capitalism." Indeed, what would he have done if Wall Street had not given him the full benefit of its active opposition? During the 1938 recession, Tommy Corcoran snorted that the way to boom the economy was to drop bundles of dollars from airplanes. Roosevelt financed the war and the postwar boom on just about such a basis. He did the "finance capitalists" the favor of cutting them in on war business, but only as ten per centers, not as power politicians.

As Keynes pointed out on the second page of his "Treatise on Money," and as politicians discover without reading Keynes, money is what the state says it is; which means that industrial and finance capital do as well at any given time as the state lets them do. The only way to describe a modern capitalist state is by saying how socialist it is. And a modern capitalist state can be as socialist as it chooses so long as its operations in the general welfare respect civil liberties, including the civil liberties of capitalists. What Hofstadter's history of the sovereignty of property in America fails to show is that the politicians have displaced the conspicuous capitalists as the representatives of property. The politicians represent the majority of property-owners—who are the majority; and it is with the politicians that all business nowadays knows it must do business.

Hofstadter's study of Franklin Roosevelt takes no account of the effect this social transformation is beginning to have upon the traditional conflict between human rights and property rights. Until ten years ago, Lincoln's dictum—"[I am] for both the man and the dollar, but in case of conflict the man before the dollar"—was winning politics. It is no longer good enough. During the Hoover depression, the economists wanted to monetize wheat and other commodities. The New Deal went to the heart of the matter. It monetized people. Witness the still experimental institution of social security, which, for all its inadequacies, is cutting through the conflict between property rights and human rights. To grant Hofstadter's premise that our history is the history of the sovereignty of property is to grant the revolutionary implications of the social security idea. It promotes people to the status of property; it makes them as valuable as pieces of machinery and charges society with the responsibility of depreciating and retiring them exactly as corporations depreciate and retire pieces of machinery. Where Descartes said: "I think, therefore I am," we are committed to a social dispensation in which everyone can say, "I am, therefore I own." Where Rousseau found the root of all social evil in the staking out of the first property claim, we are trying to root out social evil by staking out property claims for everyone.

Auction

By John Holmes

WHO wants Wednesday? Who wants that day?
I do, it's mine. Don't throw Wednesday away.

Who wants words spoken oh long since?
I want them. I heard them spoken once.

Air, who wants the air birds will use?
Air of all four is the element I choose.

Who wants the always open doorway, doubt?
I do. It is the way I walk in and out.

And honor's diary; and the stars in mind;
A clock that runs too fast, yet never wound;

And underground a ring cut with your name;
And green ivy; and an empty golden frame?

I want them all. All these belong to me.
What I was, what I am, and what I am to be.

Pay me for them. What do you offer me?
What I was, what I am, and what I am to be.

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CSS Shenandoah

DIXIE RAIDER. *By Murray Morgan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.* 1948. 336 *pp.* $4.

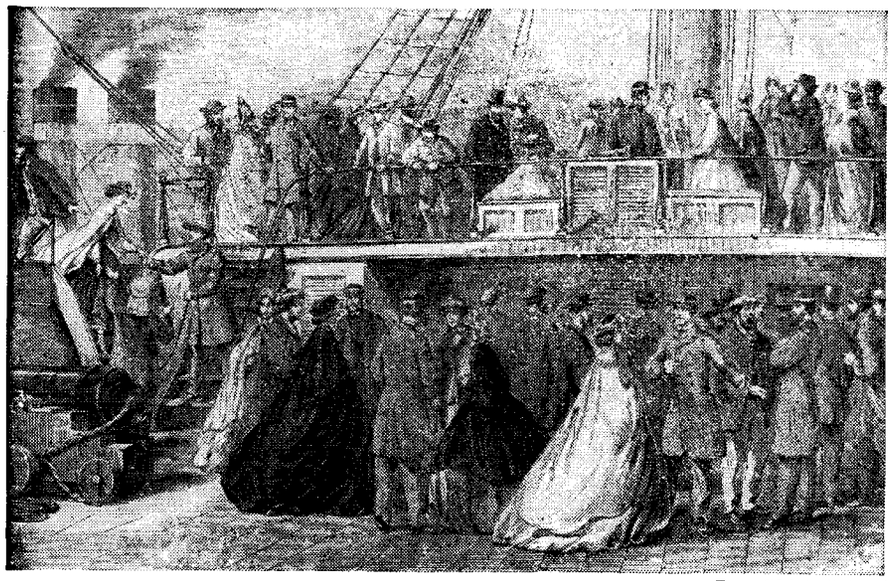
Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

IN 1862 a Canadian geologist discovered how to distil kerosene, and whaling was doomed as a big-time industry. The actual end came not by the slow erosion which usually attacks a dying business, but swiftly and amid dramatic circumstances. It was the work of a single ship, CSS *Shenandoah,* which quite literally burned the American whaling fleet out of existence in the Bering Sea in 1865. She was the last ship to fly the Confederate flag, hers was the last mast from which it floated anywhere save as a sentimental memory. She circumnavigated the globe, visited Australia and the more romantic South Sea Islands, finished her warlike career by turning herself over to the British authorities at Liverpool without ever being sighted by an enemy cruiser, and was the subject of a famous controversy. Her ultimate destination was to become the yacht of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and that of her captain to chase oyster pirates up Chesapeake Bay in a police boat with a howitzer.

Several of her officers wrote memoirs, and in recent years the story of the ship has been told in a decent if pedestrian study and a very bad romantic novel. All the information is here brought together for the first time and set forth in an easy and satisfying manner. To be sure there is not much one can do to ruin such a tale, but Mr. Morgan deserves a special medal for having enhanced it, in a perfectly legitimate way.

When he began his research he found practically every point in the narrative illuminated from at least two directions—the reports of *Shenandoah's* officers and those of the ships she captured, or of the shoregoing people who were in contact with her for one reason or another. This has enabled the author to make free use of the only literary device in which fiction can normally exceed history—direct quotation, with the sense of people moving around and doing the things living people do. Mr. Morgan does use this device continually and with effect; the anger and despair of the Yankee shipowners, the bad tempers of the voyage home when it was certain that the Confederacy was gone, stand right out of the page. Above all, there was the haunting fear that they would be hanged as pirates, for several of the whalers were burned when the cruiser flew the flag of a government that no longer existed, and there was no facing down the fact that Captain Waddell had learned of Lee's surrender through captured newspapers before these acts of destruction, but chose to consider it unimportant.

Well, they did not hang. Nobody even tried very hard. They only made Her Majesty's Government foot the bill for damages on the quite reasonable ground that *Shenandoah* had gone into the port of Melbourne after she was armed and equipped as a cruiser, spent a long time there, and was allowed to provision herself and recruit men without very much hindrance. The story comes out all right in all directions except for the captains and owners of the whaling ships. One wonders if they ever got anything back from anybody after their ships and profession were gone. But that is part of another story, not this one, which is a good story, well told.



—*From "Dixie Raider."*

Visitors board the *Shenandoah*.

Americana Notes

ALL wars are great periods of enforced travel, and never did so many observant men roam through the South as in the years 1861-65. Many of them, whether Union or Confederate soldiers, war correspondents, nurses, spies, prisoners, or foreign observers, sooner or later set down some record of what they saw. This was not necessarily in a formal book of travel or reminiscence. Many regimental histories North and South, for example, contain extensive passages of travel description. This great mass of material has now been fully explored, mapped, and critically appraised by Dr. E. M. Coulter in "Travels in the Confederate States: A Bibliography" (University of Oklahoma Press, $7.50). Henceforth this reference work, embodying Professor Coulter's well-known expertness and skill, will be indispensable to students of the period. But more must be said of it than that. Such is the graphic quality of the brief summaries and characterizations of the six or seven hundred volumes here listed that the work has interest for the casual reader. It will rescue from oblivion many an old book now forgotten—for example, Tunnard's "Southern Record," and Kate Cumming's "Journal of Hospital Life in the Confederate Army," and George H. Gordon's "War Diary," all warmly commended.

* * *

To the shelf of oldtime plantation chronicles Pierce Butler, dean-emeritus of Newcomb College, has added a slender and leisurely volume giving chapters from the written and traditional records of Laurel Hill, just outside Natchez ("The Unhurried Years," Louisiana State University Press, $3). The history of this large cotton holding runs back to the 1770's, when a Virginian named Ellis obtained a grant in the area from the Spanish crown. Since then the plantation, with the old house on a hill of magnolias, has been continuously in the hands of the Ellis-Mercer-Butler family. Dean Butler uses old letters, accounts, and diaries to give interesting glimpses of ante-bellum prosperity and Civil War and post-bellum hardships, but the best chapter is that which embodies his own memories of old colored friends in the Natchez community.

* * *

A versatile young English minister, educator, and agriculturist, Harry Toulmin, went to Kentucky in 1793, soon becoming a teacher in Transylvania Seminary at Lexington. Both Jefferson and Madison knew him and commended him to their friends. In due time he became lawyer, secretary

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of state, and judge. During his initial journeyings in Virginia and Kentucky he kept a careful journal, while he set down much material on the farming, manufacturing, and commerce of the two states. All this has now been published from the original manuscripts by Marion Tinling and Godfrey Davies as "The Western Country in 1793" (The Huntington Library, $3.75). It is especially illuminating as to the profits of tobacco and hemp culture in early Kentucky, and as to birth of manufacturing there. But it also contains a good many social and political observations, ranging from the love of ice water to Southern jealousy of the monied interests in the North.

* * *

In 1839, when the United States had only seventeen million people, the West had special attractions for thousands suffering from the hard times that followed the recent panic. An energetic promoter, John Plumbe, interested in both land and railroads, embodied the observations of three years in a volume, "Sketches of Iowa and Wisconsin," intended to encourage hesitant emigrants. Along with plenty of booster material, his hundred pages contained much authentic information. A rare book, it has been reprinted in facsimile by the State Historical Society of Iowa, with an introduction by the superintendent, William J. Petersen. ALLAN NEVINS.

Critic-at-Large

The first flower of a country's writing lies in its essayists—or, more aptly, its critics-at-large. It is comparatively easy to become a foreign correspondent, an historian, or an Elizabethan scholar, where industry or knowledge can substitute for talent. But there are few whose reputations are built on the discovery that in writing of ideas and the world the light touch carries more weight than the body blow. The sharpness of James Thurber's critical rapier is demonstrated anew in the collection reviewed below. But, as James Gray indicates in reviewing John Mason Brown's latest book here, many of our best critic-essayists have started as drama critics. To his list we might add Brooks Atkinson, Louis Kronenberger, and GBS himself.

Touché

THE BEAST IN ME AND OTHER ANIMALS. By James Thurber. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 340 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BERGEN EVANS

THOSE who delight in good writing will hardly have allowed these essays and sketches to go unread until now, but they will be glad, all the same, to have them collected in book form.

For Thurber stands rereading. In going over his things one is continually struck by nice touches that had escaped attention in the joy of the first reading. The cricket "playing his bright arrangement of foreboding," boisterous, uninvited guests who "tumbled in without knocking, like a pair of comics taking an encore," the tribulations of soap opera, pressing upon the harried heroines with "the immediacy of a toothache and the urgency of a telegram"—these things are very fine and, what's more, plentiful. For sheer virtuosity "A Call on Mrs. Forrester" deserves to stand beside Max Beerbohm's "A Christmas Garland," though one really has to turn back to "A Lost Lady" and "The Ambassadors" to see how brilliantly Thurber has executed his double parody. "The Beast in the Dingle" is not quite so good; it captures the master's tedium all too well but otherwise falls short.

The volume is divided into five sections. Section I comprises seventeen essays and stories. Sections II and IV are made up chiefly of drawings. Section III contains *The New Yorker* articles on radio serials, and Section V reproduces twenty-eight items which Mr. Thurber contributed to "The Talk of the Town" from 1928 to 1936.

A liking for Mr. Thurber's drawings is a matter of taste. In some the whimsicality of thought and line fuse very happily. But there are others, particularly among the animal drawings, that, in one opinion at least, fall decidedly flat. In attempting to delineate those elusive creatures "that haunt the moonlight marges of the mind" there is always the danger of getting too much moonshine into the picture.

In "The Lady on the Bookcase," one of the essays, the author gives an account of the genesis of some of his drawings. Some, he says, originated in a "Stream of Nervousness"; *i.e.*, doodling. Some were determined by accident. The seal at the head of the bed is an example of this: he meant, he says, to draw a seal on a rock, but

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

NAME THE AUTHOR

Something different in the way of a literary quiz has been cooked up by Mrs. Donald Stulken and Mrs. Fred Zimmerman, of Viroqua, Wis. In the blank spaces between the forty pairs of names below, you are to supply a name that will be the last name of the first named author and also the first name of the last named author. Allowing two and one-half points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 57.

1. Henry ..... Stephens
2. Samuel ..... Defoe
3. Philip ..... Lanier
4. George ..... Wells
5. Emil ..... Bemelmans
6. Ralph ..... Partridge
7. James ..... Kilmer
8. Matthew ..... Bennett
9. May ..... Lewis
10. Will ..... Barrie
11. Wyndham ..... Carroll
12. John ..... Waugh
13. Edwin ..... Jeffers
14. Thomas ..... Broun
15. Paris ..... Prior
16. James ..... Allen
17. Benjamin ..... Adams
18. James ..... Thomas
19. Robert ..... Ervine
20. Bertrand ..... Crouse
21. Alighieri ..... Rossetti
22. Thomas ..... Shelley
23. John ..... Caldwell
24. Pat ..... Stockton
25. Joseph ..... Aiken
26. William ..... Chesterton
27. Henry ..... Collins
28. John ..... Cerf
29. John ..... Ford
30. Wilfred ..... Wister
31. Cecil ..... Pope
32. Agnes ..... Dodd
33. Leonard ..... Lockridge
34. William ..... Anderson
35. Christopher ..... Callaghan
36. James ..... Caldwell
37. William ..... Bishop
38. Stephen ..... Brooks
39. O. ..... Bellaman
40. John ..... Bates

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the rock turned out to look more like the head of a bed than a rock, so he just made it a bed and put two people in it and—as in many of his drawings—had the caption fit the drawing. "Touché!," perhaps the most famous of his cartoons, was originally done for *The New Yorker* by Carl Rose, but Rose's gory realism distressed the editors, who asked him to let Thurber have the idea, "since there is obviously no blood to speak of" in the people he draws.

The dog that is almost Thurber's trademark comes in for a little elucidation. It was originally intended, he tells us, "to look more like a bloodhound than anything else" but was drawn on a memo pad that was too short for authentic bloodhound legs. The quizzical expression is that of "a bachelor on his way to a party that he has tried in vain to get out of."

On going over the soap-opera series again, one is impressed by the labor that must have gone into its preparation and the nice blend of gravity and irony with which the subject is presented. The temptation to be hilarious probably faded early in the project; an absurdity so grossly enormous had to be taken seriously. There are all sorts of social implications, which Mr. Thurber points out to us with a discriminating nod but which he seems to feel, once indicated, need not be pursued very far. In the last analysis, he sees these endless narratives as a cherished salient on the female side of the war of the sexes and notes the deep and quiet satisfaction which the listening housewives seem to derive from having the men in the serials sexually frustrated, paralyzed, blind, or in some other manner made subordinate to their women and "dependent on their greater strength of heart and soul."

He is aware that writers for radio are severely hampered by the advertising agencies and that those who attempt to do serious work or even good work will probably find their services dispensed with. But he treads lightly in this field. Perhaps he was restrained by the fact that some of his most helpful informants may have been among the most vigorous appliers of such pressures. He missed the chance for a few memorable paragraphs in not securing an audit of one of the "giveaway" programs; some radio people are of the opinion that a number of these charities have proved pretty profitable to the givers.

The items from "The Talk of the Town" are informative, faintly ironical, detached, and yet sympathetic. Time has added a flavor of nostalgia to make them almost perfect pieces of reporting.

Our Lamb

SEEING MORE THINGS. By John Mason Brown. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 347 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES GRAY

YOU can't, it appears, keep a good dramatic critic down. Comfortable though an aisle seat may be, and frequently as any civilized man must return to the theatre to see what is going on in its exuberant realm, still there is something about making a profession of play-going that is distasteful to those who are enterprising of spirit.

We have seen the same evolution traced out again and again: from dramatic critic to lecturer, from lecturer back to magazine writer, but this time with the drama as a starting point only and with the wide realm of ideas as the critic's province. Heywood Broun, Alexander Woollcott, and John Mason Brown—all have followed the same pattern.

There is comfort in the thought that the process is becoming steadily more rewarding to the man who goes through it. Heywood Broun accomplished his evolution into a man of ideas with a great deal of pain. He zoomed too far left for his own peace of mind and, whirling a little dizzily, swung back through conversion to a philosophic position which he occupied for too short a time before his death properly to interpret. Alexander Woollcott, emerging from the confinement of the theatre, never soared very high into the realm of ideas. His chosen role, as the *chronique scandaleuse* of our time, permitted him to indulge only in the tearful endorsement of causes that were quite obviously noble. From this effort he relaxed into the congenial pastime of endorsing, no less tearfully, all that was third- or fourth-rate in the realm of the creative arts.

John Mason Brown seems to have felt no discomfort at all in transforming himself from critic of the theatre into interpreter of the broader human drama. With the adaptability of an emotionally mature and emotionally healthy person he has lent himself to whatever crisis has beset the world at any given moment. During World War II he went into the Navy and, drawing upon his talents as actor and as critic, he created a new kind of battle service as radio interpreter to the ship's crew of the events of invasion. He must have performed this task brilliantly well for out of it came two books—"To All Hands" and "Many a Watchful Night" — which belong among the most valuable literary souvenirs of America's share in the "war for survival."

It seems to me that Mr. Brown himself manages to survive from experience to experience because he has a quite imperishable gusto. Though his intelligence is essentially serious and though he feels a sense of personal responsibility for what happens to people in the midst of the human plight, a civilized kind of humor sends its x-ray penetrating deep into every problem. The crisis may be that of rearing children, of facing ill health, or coping with the disaster of man's inhumanity to man, in large or small scale manifestation. John Mason Brown writes of each with the patient

(*Continued on page* 49)

My Current Reading

Richard L. Neuberger, author, has identified himself with the Northwest. Member of the Oregon Legislature, feature writer for *The Oregonian,* Northwest correspondent for *The New York Times,* he is the author of a number of books and is a contributor to leading newspapers and magazines.

THE GREAT FOREST, *by Richard G. Lillard (Knopf)*

OPPORTUNITY IN ALASKA, *by George Sundborg (Macmillan)*

THE JOURNALS OF FRANCIS PARKMAN, *edited by Mason Wade (Harper)*

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COUNTRY, *by Carey McWilliams (Duell, Sloan & Pearce)*

THE STORY OF BASEBALL, *by John Durant (Hastings House)*

THE BIG SKY, *by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (Sloane)*

MOUNTAIN PROSPECT, *by Scott Russell (Macmillan)*

THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE, *by R. C. Fetherstonehaugh (Carrick & Evans)*

INSIDE U.S.A., *by John Gunther (Harper)*

THE GREAT NORTHWEST, *by Oscar O. Winther (Knopf)*

ALASKA NOW, *by Herbert H. Hilscher (Little, Brown)*

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R for Reading in a Presidential Year

ONE of the obvious but nevertheless paradoxical aspects of our civilization is the curious fact that confusion on public affairs seems to increase instead of diminish with the amount of news dealing with them. Instead of drawing light from profusion of intelligence we win only perplexity and indecision. It has long, of course, been a tenet of democratic faith that an instructed opinion is an informed opinion and that a public educated in events is a public capable of dealing constructively with them, but today, when as never before the world is constantly aware of what is happening throughout its length and breadth, there is more uncertainty and doubt as to issues and policies than ever before. The pattern of society is now so infinitely varied and its threads so inextricably intertwined that a riot of impressions rather than a clear-cut picture of affairs results from examination of it. To separate the true and the essential from the mass of detail that obscures them is an all but impossible task.

It is indeed an ironic fate which turns the very accessibility of news into the means of men's confusion. Once it was axiomatic that to air a subject thoroughly was to pave the way to its understanding. But today in the plethora of news that comes from press and cable and radio are so many contradictions, so many intricacies of relationship, that certainty is hard to find. In a simpler time the cracker-barrel philosopher and his public might hold differences of opinion, but their world was circumscribed enough and the issues on which they divided sufficiently localized for every man among them to have at least some knowledge at first hand which served him as a touchstone to judgment and action. In the sieve of his experience dross could be separated from gold. But how can the American of the present, remote physically, no matter how shrunken are space and time through the miracles of science, gauge the actuality of circumstances to which he is not eyewitness and which are alien to his modes of thought and conduct but to the shaping of which he is inevitably committed? Perforce he must rely upon the opinions and words of others, and those others are, like himself, men and women whose observations and judgments are inescapably colored by their own experiences and temperaments.

Still, it may yet be true that in the multitude of counselors there is safety. Only today, even more than in the past, for men to draw wisdom from advice it is necessary for them not only to listen but to listen with an understanding based on knowledge. There is in the huge mass of informative material daily hurled at us a common denominator of fact. However the truth may be contorted or dissipated, in the handling of it certain basic details are constant. They constitute the fundamentals of judgment and are the springboard of informed action. They are available to all and make inexcusable the attitude of those who, overwhelmed by the apparent confusion around them, divest themselves of all obligation to take a part in the shaping of public affairs. It is perhaps but natural that the individual in a world so chaotic that even experts cannot agree should feel himself helpless to play any part in the actual direction of events. But it is the sum total of the individuals of our nation which makes its power, and our mode of society has developed instrumentalities galore through which he can express himself and exert his weight. There are the citizens committees and groups united for common purposes in every smallest hamlet of our land. That they are ineffective far beyond the need is due not to any inherent weakness in them but to the indifference of the communities in which they exist. If every citizen would feel himself personally responsible for the success of such an organization as the UN or the advancement of such a cause as that of the World Federalists the goal of a peaceful world would not seem so unrealizable as it is does today.

THIS is a Presidential year with all that it means in turbulence of opinion and venom of feeling. But it is a Presidential year on which the fate of the nation, even of the world, may depend for generations to come. There is a solemn obligation upon every man and woman to inform himself to the best of his ability, on the basis of all the verified fact he can obtain upon policies and personalities. It is probably true that each man reads by preference that which backs up his own preconceptions. Today that is not enough. He must, if he is to furnish that intelligent vote upon which the safety of his world depends, inform himself on affairs from every angle; he must read not mere digested and perhaps colored reports of speeches and documents but speeches and documents themselves, and not merely his candidate's statements but those of his opponents. There is a challenge in the hour. To meet that challenge is every American's privilege as well as his duty, and to meet it he must gird himself with all the information available and then support with all his strength those persons and those agencies which, in the light of his fullest knowledge, he feels will carry out the policies he deems happiest for his country. No man can stand on the sidelines today. A. L.

Manhattan Dusk

By Sjanna Solum

THERE is a strange enchantment on this town
The moment that the fog of dusk comes down
In smoky, chiffon gray to make it seem
A silver city, captured in a dream.

The heart may pause beholding the surprise
In ordered rows of golden fireflies
Down canyoned streets constructed not alone
By mathematics and mere earthly stone.

It towers in twilight, beautiful in brick,
Until with magic disappearing-trick
Darkness returns, retracting without pity
This dream-illusion of a silver city.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Raps Over the Knuckles

1. Kingdon on Wallace

SIR: I do not object to the violent attack on Mr. Wallace in Frank Kingdon's review of my book "Meet Henry Wallace [*SRL* Aug. 21]. I object even less to the laudation of Mr. Justice Douglas in Eliot Janeway's companion review. Such is the reviewer's prerogative.

But I object strongly to *SRL* taking two books about leading political personalities, and turning them over for review to avowed partisans. Fairness and good journalism would dictate that such books be reviewed by men with far greater objectivity than either reviewer in this instance—or by men whose bias is less diametric.

JAMES WATERMAN WISE.

Ridgefield, Conn.

SIR: I have long labored under the delusion that a book review is a person's opinion of a book. However, Frank Kingdon has proved that it isn't the review of a book, but the review of a person's character. After the first paragraph, the review ceases to be a review and becomes, instead, a dissertation on Henry Wallace as Mr. Kingdon sees him.

YOLE CHIAPPINELLI.

Mount Kisco, N. Y.

SIR: Frank Kingdon's review of the Wallace book is in no sense a review of the book—and I think a most unjust accusation. I do not think any man of our time has had such persecution by the press and now the *SRL*! Mr. Wallace is a good and strong man —good and firm to the core. His disappointments have left an impression, but revenge, even subconscious, is not a part of his nature. Perhaps he is ahead of his time.

EDITH SCHOOLMAKER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I respect Dr. Frank Kingdon's political beliefs. I must protest, however, when you allow him more than a page in which to express them, and then label the article a book review. He lists as three of the New Party's elements groups which have been much responsible for keeping the ferment of democracy alive in our nation. He then declares that because of a fourth element we must prevent the other three from showing any voting strength.

Reactionaries may make Communism the issue, but for liberals to do so now is to desert their responsibility. The Communist Party will grow in the measure that American citizens lose faith in their own government and its ability. This can be prevented, not by blasting the CP, but by blasting sound legislation through Congress and a sense of social change through the ivy-encrusted heads in the Administration and State Department.

The Republican Party and Democratic Party have so far campaigned on the issues of spy investigation and placing guilt for the mess we're in. Only the Progressive Party has chosen as its campaign issues world peace, economic progress and security, opposition to militarism, and strengthening of the UN.

November's election will prove no more than that we prefer an efficient Republican to a well-meaning, bungling Democrat, if the Progressive vote is small. If the Progressive vote is large, November will declare to our nation and the world that millions of Americans judge politics by vital issues, not name-calling, and will give strong, awakened opposition to any attempts to move us farther right.

DELL H. HYMES.

Portland, Ore.

SIR: Having completed a reading of Mr. Kingdon's analysis of Mr. Wallace and the Progressive Party I know nothing about the book by Mr. Wise. Is not your magazine a "review" of literature?

THEODORE A. WEBB.

Dexter, Me.

SIR: Frank Kingdon's review of Jimmy Wise's book was the most enlightening piece on Henry Wallace I have read thus far.

N. NISS.

New York, N. Y.

2. Allen on Roosevelt

SIR: Was Franklin D. Roosevelt, or was he not, a great President? Many intelligent Americans honestly think he was a leader of superior competence; many intelligent Americans honestly think he was a man of inferior competence. And as the chroniclers and historians begin to render their verdicts, it will ill become a journal on the intellectual plane of *SRL* to treat these verdicts with little else than cries of "Hater!" or "Sycophant!" ["The Roosevelt Myth," *SRL* Sept. 4]. The same illegitimate charge of "hate" was flung at Beard by your reviewer of "President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War [*SRL* Apr. 24].

On these weighty questions of the day concerning which intelligent Americans honestly hold widely diverging views, I would ask that you give us more pro and con treatments such as you recently gave to Charles Lindbergh's "Of Flight and Life" [*SRL* Aug. 21].

PARLEE C. GROSE.

McComb, O.

SIR: Does the *SRL* aim to present unbiased reviews? If so, how did Robert S. Allen, beholden to Roosevelt for various favors, commissions, appointments, etc., come to be selected to write the review? His contribution is precisely the "articulation of apoplectic prejudice" that could be expected, and possibly was desired. In his review Allen makes a sweeping "tain't so," general denial of every accusation he says the book contains, and sneers at the "impeccable authorities listed" but fails to accuse specifically any of not being competent witnesses and in the only denial of any specific statement displays abysmal ignorance. Specific statement and denial I refer to are quoted from the "review" as follows: "flat accusation that current high prices are due to the 'Roosevelt inflation.' That's one for the GOP. Even the Republican National Committee has not yet thought of blaming on Roosevelt the stratospheric cost of living which started a year after his death." It is very common knowledge that the smaller the supply of commodities and the greater the supply of money the greater the inevitable price inflation.

In view of accepted facts of record, who is to blame for inauguration of government-made scarcity and under whose Administration did price inflation start, if not Roosevelt's?

Allen's review provokes a profound suspicion that *SRL* can be guilty of printing as a review what is actually something entirely different, *viz.* an opinion with a slant.

BERKELEY WILLIAMS.

Richmond, Va.

SIR: Robert Allen's review of "The Roosevelt Myth" brings to mind Lambert Fairchild's comment — "How an idolator can hate an iconoclast!" The glittering figure that was Franklin

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Nonsense! Mr. Thoreau will be delighted to see us!"

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Roosevelt appears more than a trifle tarnished as legend is succeeded by fact in the memoirs of his associates. Which seems to prove how false is the doctrine that fealty to a principal can be a substitute for loyalty to a principle.

CURTIS CULIN.

Cranford, N. J.

3. Janeway on Douglas

SIR: It was shocking to me to observe political rigging you indulged in Aug. 21. You have a review of "Being an American" by William O. Douglas. The reviewer is Eliot Janeway, Douglas's political promoter and a well-known Douglas enthusiast. Naturally, his review is quite favorable.

You also have a review of "Meet Henry Wallace" by James Waterman Wise. The reviewer is Frank Kingdon, well-known political opponent of Wallace. Naturally, his review is less than enthusiastic, and in fact not a review at all but a political diatribe.

Sir, I submit that this is not literature. Obviously, all of your reviews become suspect.

NAOMI OLIVER.

West Haverstraw, N. Y.

4. Hughes & Brown on Lindbergh

SIR: I am amazed at the amount of space you gave to Charles Lindbergh's new book. Even if the views on life and flight are of interest to the American Nazis who formed the "America First" movement, of which the ex-colonel was so ardent a member, they are of no interest to the rest of us. Mr. Lindbergh hasn't changed his mind a bit; he still speaks of "Asiatic hordes"—and when he does we know whom he has in mind!

How he and his friends must chuckle to see you bend over backwards to be "fair" to him. Why, you have virtually de-Nazified him.

A. WALTER KRAMER.

New York, N. Y.

5. Rogers on Laski

SIR: Some books require elaborate, careful, and conscientious treatment, and they do not always get it in your generally excellent pages. Take, for example, the Laski work "The American Democracy" [*SRL* June 12]. The reviewer of it, Lindsay Rogers, is an able and progressive man, and if he had taken six instead of three columns for his review I am certain that he would have done a fine job. But space limits precluded that.

The Laski thesis is not well expressed. It is not that Americanism must come to mean the same thing for the sharecropper of Arkansas as for the stockbroker on Park Avenue in New York — an extremely vague phrase—but that the United States will be doing some decades hence what Great Britain is doing today economically and politically; in other words, that we cannot escape Democratic Socialism, since we no longer have, or can restore, free enterprise, but are monopoly-ridden and under the domination of short-sighted big business.

Now this important conclusion is controversial. I suggest that three men, a liberal economist, a Socialist of the Norman Thomas school and a conservative like Herbert Hoover, should have been asked to review the Laski work.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

La Jolla, Calif.

American Empire

SIR: Peter B. Denison's letter [*SRL* Sept. 4] brings to mind the statements about world government of a high Communist official, Andrei Zhdanov. Until his recent death Zhdanov was top man in the Cominform, was frequently referred to as "second to Stalin" in the Soviet heirarchy, and his words should carry authority. Here is what he said:

> One of the lines taken by the ideological campaign that goes hand in hand with plans for the enslavement of Europe is an attack on the principle of national sovereignty . . . to which is opposed the idea of a "world government." The purpose of this campaign is to mask the unbridled expansion of American imperialism . . . to represent the United States as the champion of universal laws. The idea of a "world government" has been taken up by bourgeois intellectual cranks and pacifists . . . with the purpose of ideologically disarming the nations that defend their independence against the encroachments of American imperialism. . . .

World Federalists believe that a world government can be achieved legally under the terms of the UN Charter (and subject to the individual ratification of the member nations). Does this sound like the "world government . . . accomplished . . . by a war of conquest" to which Mr. Denison so properly and violently objects?

At this critical time in world affairs when the World Federalists are vigorously advocating a partial surrender of U.S. sovereignty under world law against aggression, at a time when the USSR is demanding no restraint of any kind over "sovereign nations," and just at a time when the Communist line is shrieking "American imperialism," Mr. Denison chooses to get all hot and bothered about a propaganda fantasy of an "American empire" and a world government accomplished by a war of conquest!

What gives, Mr. Denison? I ask!

MRS. STANDISH WESTON.

Boston, Mass.

For Fast

SIR: It was with anger and indignation I read Albert Maltz's letter about Howard Fast [*SRL* Aug. 14]—and part of it was directed at *SRL* for making no editorial comment. Not scared of the witch-hunters, are you?

If to have a horror and hatred of Franco is "un-American and subversive," surely many thousands in our land should join Fast in jail!

This is only one indignant American (no Dixiecrat or Wallaceite) writing but, oh, how I hope some of those Mr. Maltz mentions by name will stand up for Fast.

DOROTHY H. AVERY.

Southern Pines, N. C.

"The Learned Men"

SIR: I notice a number of typographical errors in Archibald MacLeish's poem "The Learned Men," as you reprinted it in your LITERARY SAMPLER [*SRL* Aug. 28]. Mr. MacLeish's new book, "Actfive and Other Poems," gives the poem as follows:

THE LEARNED MEN

Whose minds like horse or ox,
Dispassionate in the stall,
Grow great in girth and wax
Beyond the animal,

While mine, like country hog,
Grows leaner as I age,
Chivvied by flea and dog,
Baited by love and rage.

If mind by God was meant
To grow and gain in girth,
Swelling in sweet content,
I cease I have no worth;

But if it was God's will
That mind, no wish refused,
Should waste by wanting still
By God I am well used!

PENELOPE STONE.

New York, N. Y.

"What Shall We Do . . . ?"

SIR: Re "What Shall We Do to Be Saved?" (*SRL* Aug. 21). When we came to "Put the secular superstructure back onto religious foundations" our hope sagged, and we would cry: no, no, don't include that as a condition . . . If you must, we cannot go with you—we have no heart-mind feeling for "religious foundations"—yet, in all fairness, we're not certain what is meant here by "religious foundations." Is the meaning Toynbian? According to Whitehead's interpretation of religion? Will these "religious foundations" fit in with Korzybski's formulations? From my layman viewpoint the present efforts by Toynbee, the Amsterdam Conference, etc., to get us back on "religious foundations" are ironically making it harder for us to meet the challenge.

From my observation and experience as a migrant, as a farm worker, etc., we have seen there is more need for and concern for social easiness than there is for metaphysical easiness.

PRENTISE WOMACK.

Dinuba, Calif.

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Personal History. *In 1825 the literary circles of France were buzzing with talk of a new Spanish dramatist, Clara Gazul, whose works had just been published in a translation by one Joseph L'Estrange. Two years later a translation from the Illyrian, by one Hyacinthe Maglanovich, burst on the astonished literary world. Sir John Bowring, the famous Slav scholar, pronounced it genuine, and the Russian poet Pushkin praised it. Both productions had actually been written by Prosper Mérimée, later the author of "Carmen," who in this playful manner chose to foist his not inconsiderable talents onto the literary world. The versatile Mérimée—novelist, essayist, archeologist, and historian—is celebrated in Sylvia Lyon's new biography, reviewed below.*

Elegant Amateur and Associates

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PROSPER MÉRIMÉE. By Sylvia Lyon. New York: The Dial Press. 1948. 320 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

OFTEN, far more often than many biographers have been willing to admit, the life and times of a writer have little to do with each other. But the richness of an historical background may serve to divert attention from the poverty of a biographical foreground; the parade of more or less interesting external data may mask a biographer's failure to penetrate his subject; and so we have many "Lives and Times" which are swollen with masses of irrelevant matter. It is a fact, for example, that Jane Austen moved with her family to Bath in the same year that saw Charles Lamb leave Pentonville, Byron enter Harrow, Thomas Campbell return to Scotland from Germany because of his father's death, and Nelson destroy the Danish fleet under the guns of Copenhagen; and it is also a fact that Miss Austen began to write "Mansfield Park" in the year that Napoleon invaded Russia. But an Austen biographer who made a display of simultaneous facts such as those concerning Lamb and Byron and Campbell, or who gave more than a passing nod to Nelson and Napoleon, would be indulging in wilful foolishness; for Jane Austen's life had nothing to do with her times, in the larger sense, however much she may, as a novelist, have drawn on scenes and characters within her immediate range of acquaintance: and what is true of her is true of numberless writers as different as Emily Brontë and Flaubert, as different as William Blake and Keats and Kafka. Yet we have seen much such wilful foolishness.

In the case of Prosper Mérimée, however, life and times are really interlaced, and the biographer has every reason to present the man against the broad social background, and within the historical frame, of his period. Mérimée is remembered because he wrote a number of first-rate stories, in the best of which romantic matter and classic manner are expertly, perhaps uniquely, united. But he was not a writer only, not a dedicated man of letters. He was, as they say, a born story-teller, and one who diligently cultivated his native talent; but the craft of fiction claimed only a fraction of his time and strength, and it may be that his basic attitude towards the art or business of literature is indicated by the fact that he made his literary debut with an elaborate hoax, which he followed by another.

After he and his century had reached middle age together, and the urge of youthful creativity had waned, he seems to have regarded story-telling more and more as a dear diversion, to which he turned for relaxation and refreshment, for the entertainment of himself and the friends to whom he loved to read his tales aloud. It is quite true that he was professional enough, from first to last, to write for money, and to wonder at times if he was being paid as much as he should be, yet he somehow managed to maintain the air, if not the financial disinterestedness, of an elegant amateur.

Throughout his career Mérimée was a man of the world, a man of the great world, who was at home in the best society on both sides of the Channel. Twelve years old when the Bourbons were restored to France, he took his law degree and came of age in the Paris of Madame Récamier. Under Louis Philippe he was appointed Inspector-General of Historic Monuments and National Antiquities, at the age of thirty, bringing to his post a sound knowledge of Greek and Latin, a lively curiosity, and a willingness to work hard and intelligently in the field of practical archeology. When Louis Napoleon Bonaparte became Emperor of the French, and Eugénie became his Empress, Mérimée's place as a very special favorite at court was assured, for he had first met Mademoiselle de Montijo when she was only five years old, and had remained a close friend of herself, her mother, and her sister. After 1852, for the last eighteen years of his life, Mérimée was on intimate terms with the imperial pair, as friend, counsellor, and story-teller; at Fontainebleau he was a cherished guest, while abroad he was often an unofficial ambassador. His days and nights were crowded by social duties and pleasures, by the direction of art commissions, archeological reports, translations from the Russian, historical and critical essays, a vast correspondence, and the reorganization of the Bibliothèque Impériale; and they remained so crowded until failing health curtailed his labors, and he and the Empire died together.

This is the man of whose life and times Miss Lyon has chosen to write with energy, industry, and vivacity. The source material for the three periods of Mérimée's life is nearly inexhaustible (although he himself, as his biographer laments, left no diary or memoirs) and Miss Lyon has drawn liberally from the rich and various mass. She is right to have sketched the course of French and European history from the Bourbon restoration to the Commune, for this history directly affected her subject's fortunes. She is right to have crowded her pages with the names of famous writers, painters, aristocrats, and statesmen—Stendhal, Alfred de Musset, Guntier, Sainte-Beuve, Hugo, Delacroix, Guizot, Casimir-Perier, George Sand, the Duke of Hamilton, Bismarck, Pauline Metternich, Turgeniev, Lady Holland, Charlotte of Mexico, Talleyrand, and all the rest—for these men and women were Mérimée's

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friends and acquaintances, and in one instance his mistress for a night. Miss Lyon is even right to give space to the passing parade of fashion, to construct such paragraphs as this:

> Historians tell us that the perfumes of Lubin and Jean-Marie Farina were the rage of the day; that Staub and Alfred were the tailors *à la mode;* that the real tyrant of Paris was Hippolyte, *coiffeur* to ladies of fashion; that the word *fashionable* entered the French language as a noun; and that the Neopolitan ices of Tortoni began to chill French stomachs at this time.

She is justified because Mérimée was a man of fashion. And she may be forgiven the enthusiasm which led her to provide synopses, and translated bits, of many of Mérimée's stories, although one must marvel at the insensitivity to proportion which permitted her to devote sixteen pages to synopsis and translation of a comparaticely unimportant tale, "La Double Méprise." But synopsis is not criticism, names cannot by themselves people a biographical-historical stage, accumulation is not composition, and the mere facts of a man's life will not, without art, serve to bring him to life before a reader's eyes.

The sad, quadruple truth is that Miss Lyon, for all her lengthy plot outlines, utters not one word which would indicate a critical understanding of Mérimée's individual literary quality; that she has no gift of characterization, necessary to make her more important names something more than names; that she piles item on item and page on page, without ever managing to compose her picture; and that she gives us the record of Prosper Mérimée's career—as writer, lover, devoted son, bureaucrat, and social being—but almost wholly lacks the art by which a biographer breathes life into his subject and his scene. There is, of course, much interesting material, even considerable entertainment, in the record as she presents it; but it is fair, I think, to say that she has attempted, with very little success, the sort of thing that Philip Guedalla did perfectly when he was at his best.

Miss Lyon's stable has a kind of sprightliness that may well have been developed on the staff of Erskine Gwynne's *Boulevardier,* and as a contributor to *Vanity Fair* and publicity writer for Chanel; but this sprightliness plays her false now and then, her diction is sometimes questionable, and she often seems in a hurry to gallop jerkily past a given point. I must add that her proofreaders have not served her well. Finally, her approach to her theme may be indicated by the note in which she writes: "The author offers her acknowledgments to Paris, to a silver bowl of black grapes in the dining-room at Mogosoea, to the pink room at La Tour de Saint-Loup, to Gerard's portrait of Madame Tallien at the Chateau de Chimay, the *chaud-froid de volaille* at the Ritz (coté Cambon), the south facade of the Cathedral of Chartres, and the Bar Basque at Biarritz."

I should never dream of saying a word against any of these sources of inspiration, and would even do battle for the Bar Basque; but it may be that they themselves say a word or and near-great of the literary and of a serious biographer.

A Family, a Background, an Age

LAUGHTER IN THE NEXT ROOM. By Sir Osbert Sitwell. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1948. 400 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

IF Virginia Woolf was the last of the grandes dames of English letters, then Sir Osbert Sitwell may quite possibly represent the last of the English literary gentlemen. Certainly his leisurely memoirs, which so many of us have followed for their rich, cadenced prose and delectable blending of wit and erudition, reveal a mind of the highest caliber, a truly civilized intellect in our times. And to bolster our theory that we are looking at the rueful passing of an age through Sir Osbert's detailed chronicle, all we need do is read his credo:

> . . . when I say *gentlemen* I mean what I say, and say what I mean, without fear of ridicule, since the word still contains the truth of its evident meaning. Boasting, roaring, tears, dervishlike howling, fist shaking, lying over never-ending toasts in Vodka and Champagne were, by general consent, substituted for the traditional decorous voices and considerate behavior of the old diplomacy. That day, we entered a world of wolf-and-buffalo politics, where to howl over your prey is to be realistic, where to bellow is to prove strength, and to whine is to show grace; the world in which we still—but only just—survive: the world in which the sabretoothed tiger and the ant are our paragons, and the butterfly is condemned for its wings, which are uneconomic.

"Laughter in the Next Room" is the penultimate volume in the series, Sir Osbert informs us. It is the most important contribution in the way of social history he has made thus far—and seems to realize much more clearly Sir Osbert's original plan to illustrate through his own career and sensibilities a family, a background, and an age. In the third volume, "Great Morning," we left Sir Osbert moving in London's fashionable circles, unaware of the impending disaster of the war of 1914. The fourth book opens with the Armistice of 1918, and closes with the death of Sir Osbert's father in 1944. Here we meet the great and near-great of the literary and artistic world, with whom Sir Osbert dines at the Adelphi and the famous Cafe Royale in London. T. S. Eliot, Virginia Woolf, Wyndham Lewis, Diaghilev, Augustus John, Lytton Strachey, Aldous Huxley, Ronald Firbank, are among the personalities whom Sir Osbert describes with a brilliant flair for satire. "A kind of light revolutionary fervor inspired us" in those days, says Sir Osbert, sardonically looking back on that other postwar period before he embarked, himself, on a celebrated career as a poet, novelist, and patron of the arts.

Sir Osbert and his talented brother and sister, Sacheverell and Edith, may well represent all that is egocentric, baroque, and even precious in English letters today, but no one can deny the courage or the vigorous independence they have all three displayed in discovering and fostering new talent among writers and painters in the current scene. They may have been dubbed by a contemporary wag as "the best diggers among our cultural excavators," and their antics in public may not have always helped endear them to the press or conservative music and art lovers; still the Sitwells must go on record for the conscious rebellion they staged against their own class, and above all against the tyranny of their father, Sir George, who until his death was always descending unexpectedly from his ivory tower of medieval construction to run their lives. Sir Osbert is more than a gracious chronicler of his times. Perhaps what gives sharpest edge to his vision of an existence balanced between the Burke's Peerage atmosphere in which he was born and the world in which he chose to live is Sir Osbert's presentiment that his privileged world would not endure. Endowed with an inquisitive, audacious spirit, he is the man of whom Arnold Bennett said, "He has seven professions, not one, and a life devoted to each." Refusing to acknowledge any claim except that of the artist, Sir Osbert Sitwell proves here that he is more than capable of fusing the story of the development of three artists between the two wars—Edith, Sacheverell and himself—into an enchanting work of art.

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Poetry. *In the field of verse, as in the case of novels, critics are scanning the horizon for the appearance of new voices which will become the major singers of the postwar generation. Karl Shapiro and Robert Lowell have already been acclaimed as belonging in the band; two poets whose work is reviewed this week seem destined to join them. Like Shapiro and Lowell, Peter Viereck and Thomas Merton are in the early thirties; both have spent a good deal of time on university campuses as graduate students and teachers; both have seen a good deal of the world. Viereck, who like Shapiro spent the war years as an Army sergeant, has previously published an historical study, but "Terror and Decorum" is his first volume of verse. Since entering a Trappist monastery a decade ago, Thomas Merton has written three books of poetry; his latest, "The Seven Storey Mountain," reveals the same Catholic faith that shines through Lowell's work.*

—*Eric Stahlberg.*

Peter Viereck—"haunted by the nightmare of writing a cliche."

Against Barracks and Classroom

TERROR AND DECORUM: Poems 1940-1948. By Peter Viereck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 110 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SELDEN RODMAN

IN ten years of reviewing verse, I have gone overboard, as they say, for only two first books—Shapiro's "Person, Place and Thing" and Lowell's "Lord Weary's Castle"—as I intend to go for this one, and I can't think of a better way of beginning than by measuring it against the other two. The excitement of Shapiro's book was in its summing-up of the social revolt of a whole decade that had been (if we except Auden, in England) without a spokesman in poetry; with his personal blend of violence and elegant wit, Shapiro delivered the coup de grace to the Lost Generation (expatriate and metaphysical wings); yet in a sense he belonged to the exclusive circle which he exorcised. But Lowell was a poet's poet from the start, and much too involved in the obscure theology or demonology of his New England soul to strike a common chord, but he achieved a profound poetic originality by clothing his contemporary nonconformism in the robes of a noble tradition.

Peter Viereck is harder to classify than Shapiro or Lowell. His style is much less "finished." He has written no single poem that is as impressive as the best of the other two. He writes poems and parts of poems bristling with undigested raw material or awkwardness of which the other poets are incapable. Yet his book as a whole is so rich in experimental vigor, so full of new poetic attitudes toward civilization and its discontents, so fresh and earthy in its re-animation of the American spirit, that it seems to offer endless possibilities of development—both for Viereck himself, and for other young poets who are certain to take the cue.

> What makes him different seems so small a thing:
> His knack of shaping joy from pain by rime.
> He whittles joy so sharp it is a spear
> And jabs it deep between the ribs of time.
> Even his sickness blesses; singers wear
> Neurosis like new roses when they sing.

This, Viereck's description of the fourth "stage of craftsmanship," could not be improved on as a description of his own particular qualities. No other poet but Cummings, the only contemporary Viereck remotely resembles or from whom he has borrowed anything conspicuous, is so haunted by the nightmare of writing a cliche—or undertakes such acrobatics, typographical, grammatical, and learnedly academic, to avoid one. An important difference, however, is that while Viereck's gyrations lead him to almost as many shocking successes—

> No minks that slither like love's submarine
> Have pelts more glossy than the sea is sheen;
> But sea!—it spews, it sheds these gray pollutions
> By always beaching love, their carrier.
> Spiraling down and up through brine and air,
> Love's valves become involved in convolutions;
> And all descent is gray.
> But rich.
> But rare.

—he is never trying to *bait* anyone and hence is never deliberately elusive. Indeed one of the qualities that makes "Terror and Decorum" more of a break with the Eliot-dominated past than any recent book is this very passion to communicate. It is on every page. It is in the sometimes fantastically pedantic notes. It is in the pages of "acknowledgments" (who but Viereck has ever listed his magazine articles along with his previous books!). It is in the ponderous conception of a prehistoric horse explaining in stanza after stanza of complicated ballad-meter how he lost his four toes; or the Idaho potato boasting (this one comes off, brilliantly) why it envies the stars. It is in the unabashed titles ("You All Are Static; I Alone Am Moving," "Hard Times Redeemed by Soft Discarded Values," "Why Can't I Live Forever?," "Don't Look Now But Mary Is Everybody," "Graves Are Made to Waltz On," "Crass Times Redeemed by Dignity of Souls") above all it is in the war poems and the poems about the poet in America.

These two themes, naturally enough, are Viereck's major ones. He has been toughened, or sharpened if you like, by the two conflicts: trying to be a poet while being a soldier (he was a GI in the African and Italian campaigns), trying to be a poet while making a living as a teacher of history at Harvard and Smith. The soldiering has contributed to his verse as a whole its racy colloquialism and its sense of identity with ordinary people. Academic training has given him a working knowledge of the styles of a half dozen literatures and a familiarity with cross-references in symbolism almost Joycean in scope. But it is the fight *against* these two conform-

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isms—of the barracks and of the classroom—that makes the poetry.

Out of extreme complexity, simplicity. From sophistication beyond cleverness, innocence. In Shakespeare, Donne, Blake, Hopkins, the later Yeats, perhaps in all of the greatest poetry, it is the "formula" toward which Viereck, more than any contemporary poet, seems to be moving. "*Vale* from Carthage," along with Shapiro's "Elegy for a Dead Soldier," the most impressive poem of World War II, begins ponderously with Viereck at the grave of a Roman thinking of an American friend shot dead at Rome who was sure he'd see Times Square again, but ends:

> Roman, you'll see your Forum Square no more;
> What's left but this to say of any war?

New York says to America (in a dialogue that could be, and in parts is, as corny as an immigration poster):

> Your forests now are fences, and of late
> You talk less of "frontiers" and more of real estate.

Viereck says to Crane (in a ballad that is refreshingly irreverent—and penetrating):

> Walt did it—Walt, the city slicker,
> Sold Hart the Brooklyn Bridge.

And in "Well Said, Old Mole," a poem that probably reflects Viereck's philosophy and his disarming directness as well as any, the complexities are cut away altogether:

> Against the outside Infinite, man weighs
> The inwardness within one finite face
> And finds all Space less heavy than a sigh . . .
> We are alone and small, and heaven is high;
> Quintillion worlds have burst and left no trace;
> A murderous star aims straight at where we lie.
> And we, all vulnerable and all distress,
> Have no brief shield but love and loveliness.
> Quick—let me touch your body as we die.

Kingdom of Suffering

THE SEVEN STOREY MOUNTAIN. By Thomas Merton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 429 *pp.* $3.

EXILE ENDS IN GLORY. By Thomas Merton. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. 1948. 311 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

IT has been my good fortune, over the past few years, to read and review the poetry of Thomas Merton. I knew nothing of the poet beyond the fact that he was a young convert to Catholicism who had become a Trappist monk. I could hardly help but feel that somewhere in the metaphysical translucence of the poems there lay a story of mystical purification, but I was frankly unprepared for the extraordinary drama of the interior life that unfolds in the confessions of this atomic age Augustine.

For "The Seven Storey Mountain" is more than the autobiography of a modern cosmopolite who, "armored and locked in within my own defectible and blinded self by seven layers of imperviousness," toiled up the seven circles of Dante's Purgatory that symbolize the world of today. It is a look into the soul of the climber as he makes his tormented way from the prison of limitless unbelief to "the four walls of my new freedom." He found the freedom in the contemplative life of a Cistercian monastery.

Born in 1915 the son of a well-known British artist, Thomas Merton spent most of his childhood in France and America. In France he learned to love the thirteenth century; in America he was exposed to middle-class anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, and quasi-religious worship of Hollywood. He studied at Cambridge in England and at Columbia in the United States. He became a devotee of Picasso, Joyce, and Duke Ellington; love, Communism, psychoanalysis, burlesque, and hangovers all had a part in his education. On Morningside Heights he was a literary leader and a friend of his favorite teacher, Mark Van Doren. He reviewed books for *The New York Times*, ran on the varsity cross-country team, huddled in cosmic bull sessions with his campus crowd.

After graduation Merton joined the faculty of an upstate Catholic college. Later, haunted by the evils of racial injustice, he did settlement work in Harlem. He led, in short, the full life of a modern young intellectual—the fullest, indeed, possible. For all that, his soul was not to know the peace it craved until it came to rest in the interior solitude of the abbey.

Judged solely as personal history, "The Seven Storey Mountain" is an authentic record of what the Second World War generation of college men thought and felt and saw. Because it is personal history the book is colored by the charm and the weakness of subjectivity. Surely "the two-handed heartiness with which I was grabbing at life" was a component of "the keen, thin scent of decay" that pervaded the atmosphere of Cambridge. At Trinity, St. John's, and Clare there were men who sought truth as passionately as the men of Merton's circle at Columbia and St. Bonaventure's and as his brother at Cornell.

But the author's personal history is peripheral to the story of his religious experience. "The Seven Storey Mountain" is essentially the odyssey of a soul. As such it stands as a more human document than the comparable "Apologia Pro Vita Sua" of John Henry Newman. It has warmth and gusto and Augustinian wit.

"Exile Ends in Glory" is Merton's first published prose work. It is a biography of Mother Mary Berchmans, foundress of a Trappistine convent in Japan. Born, like Merton, in France, she became a member of "one of the most austere, the most enclosed, the most silent, the most penitential of all the orders in the Church: The Cistercians, La Trappe." Like all members of her order, she hoped and expected to spend her life in the convent that she had entered. It was a sentence of exile, therefore, as well as an honor when the courageous French nun was sent to the Orient to found a community there.

Hardship and illness attended Mother Berchmans's labor among the Japanese. Both were part of the price she cheerfully paid for success. Although she died of tuberculosis in 1915, the very year Merton was born, the convent that she established has flourished. It has, in fact, become the largest Trappistine cloister in the world. The Japanese abbess and prioress served their novitiate under Mother Berchmans thirty-five years ago.

In "Exile Ends in Glory," as in his autobiography, the author is chiefly concerned with the exquisite and intricate processes of personal sanctification. Mother Berchmans is tried and proved as a loyal subject in "the kingdom of suffering."

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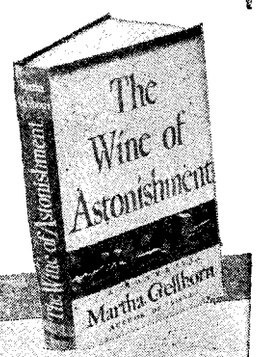

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Death, Conversation, and Stars

LONG AFTER YOU. By Margaret E. Yale. Pasadena, Calif.: The Amersand Press. 1948. 68 *pp.* $3.50.

INWARD FROM THE SEA. By Jeannette Slocomb Edwards. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. 1948. 83 *pp.* $2.

MAN'S MYSTERIOUS MIND AND OTHER COSMIC POEMS. By H. R. Vanderbyll. Prairie City, Ill.: The Decker Press. 1948. 44 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

THE first book in this group is a posthumous collection by a young poet who was an instructor in the humanities at Scripps College in California. It is futile to contemplate "what might have been" had Peggy Yale blossomed to full maturity as a lyric poet. There is splendid evidence of her talents in this collection, although the prescience of death has limited and diverted her themes from the problems of the hour. The original qualities of her mind and the strength of her rhythms are indicated in "The Song for a Generation," beginning:

In the dark hour we live and seek the sun.
Borne like the linnet between cloud and cloud
Still we remember how the day, begun
In pale leaf-green, rang suddenly aloud
And trumpeted the coming of the light:
Then we were shaken as the storm-drenched leaves
Are shaken in a terrible delight.

Peggy Yale was a good poet, with the potentials of high achievement. Her first and last book is a worthy monument.

There is a friendly, conversational strain to the informal poems of Jeannette Slocomb Edwards. Mrs. Edwards is a Delaware poet, and her ballads and lyrics reflect her interest in the seacoast towns and people. There is an ardent bardic feeling in her poems, especially in the biographical pieces, which present such characters as Rod Purnell, the Jack-of-all-trades who held the town together, and Sy Painter, the lazy farmer more interested in a crop of Indian arrowheads than potatoes and corn. Some of her lyrics are too easily achieved by facile narration and the use of the obvious poetic conceit, but here and there the individual line holds its own, as in the first verse of "Buoy Bell" when "The acid air was blowing aft" against the face of the fisherman retrieving the pound nets in the fury of the squall.

H. R. Vanderbyll knows his stars better than he knows the true, but elusive, realms of poetry. He is agog in the fury of the cosmos, but that personal excitement is not communicated to the reader. He is the querulous advocate describing a physical concept of the heavens, and a bit impatient with those who look beyond the stars for some supernatural crevices into which the spirit may crawl. In "The Agnostic" he replies to his disputants with a philosophic contradiction:

And rather than profess to comprehend
The Maker of a cosmos without end,
I look at skies with countless stars inlaid,
And now His glory from the things He made.

Individualists, Yankee and Welsh

MR. WHITTIER AND THER POEMS. By Winfield Townley Scott. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 61 *pp.* $1.75.

SELECTED POEMS. By Vernon Watkins. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1948. 92 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

THE New England poets—of whom Winfield Townley Scott is one of the newest representatives — have never suffered from that compulsion to repudiate their milieu in order to show their independence typical of the Midwestern writers in both prose and poetry. The New Englanders have been rebels from the start, and from the start they have, it would seem, enjoyed that peculiar quality of the air in New England which produces independent spirits and yet does not reject them.

So today the New England poets remain—New England poets. Such was Whittier, whom Mr. Scott fittingly honors in the title poem of his fifth and latest volume. Such too was Emily Dickinson, about whom the second poem revolves. Emily never left Amherst; she had no need to; the air of her Massachusetts town still holds her.

Only through denial great acceptance
As only in depths of silence the tall song:
She walks here as immortal as the light—
Made indistinguishable from the air,
Having the self-possession of the sun.
Emily is Emily is Emily forever.

When he is not celebrating individualists of that region whose transcendentalism enables its poets to include heaven and earth within their "regionalism," Mr. Scott is reducing the general to the individual (what John Peale Bishop called "minute particulars") in the manner of all true poets.

Mr. Scott's eye is acute; his powers of observation show to good advantage in a number of poems. In the transcendental mode he finds wide meaning in narrow corners of nature; his landscapes extend infinitely. And certain poems like "Now That Lost April" do fresh, new things with what has always seemed most familiar. Here, as elsewhere in this poet's work, the wise reader will do well to read with the ear as well as with the eye.

* * *

VERNON WATKINS is a Welshman, of the folk that produced the metaphysicals: Donne, Herbert, Vaughan and Traherne, Wilfred Owen and Dylan Thomas, Henry Treece and Alun Lewis, leaders of the New Apocalypse; to say nothing of the Mabinogion, the Eisteddfod, and the poetic prose of Caradoc Evans.

In "Selected Poems" the Welsh poet presents the intangible and spiritual (his belief in which stems from absorption in Bible reading as well as from the dark Celtic heritage) through the medium of the concrete. Social self-consciousness is muted, and of latter-day prophets not Marx but Freud is influential. To say, then, that Watkins seems typically Welsh is to place him among other striking poets who, whatever their general resemblance, are nothing if not individual.

Watkins will repay reading aloud, for he has the Welsh music in his lines; he is a master of repetition, of phrase as well as sound, particularly. He calls for rereading because his imagery tends to follow a psychological rather than a logical pattern (though not always). In this connection he is more symbolist, even surrealist (under control, the added note of the Apocalyptics), than metaphysical, although suggestions of Donne are not absent.

He commands terror ("You taught us first how loudly a pin falls"), word-magic ("Gaping, we groped with unawakened hands"), and is a myth-maker of no mean stature. Old myths, too, are recalled to life, in a manner that not so long ago was deemed obsolete by new poets. In such vein is the longest poem in this book, "The Ballad of the Mari Lwyd," which has a fine eeriness coming out of Welsh legendry.

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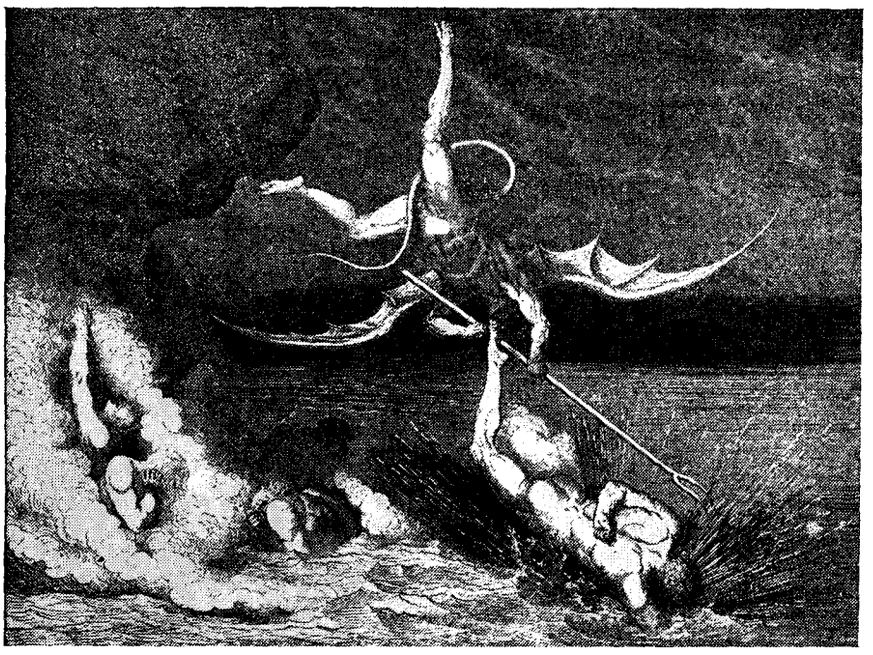

—Illustration by Gustave Doré from "The Divine Comedy."

Through Hell, Purgatory & Heaven

THE DIVINE COMEDY. By Dante Alighieri. Translated by Lawrence Grant White. With Illustrations by Gustave Doré. New York: Pantheon Books. 1948. 188 *pp.* $10.

Reviewed by THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

THE translator of a great poem is like a navigator who sails his ship where there is both wind and tide. If he goes where the breezes are fair, he may well find that, as they help him along, he is struggling against a foul tide. If he steers where the tides favor him, he may be headed by the wind.

The translator is in the same boat. If he conveys literal meaning, he is apt to go far away from the concentrate of music and intense imagery that makes for poetry, and if he writes poetry he is likely to keep distant from meaning and sense.

With no one is the dilemma that this implies more apparent than with Dante, and nowhere more so than in that great structure of medieval feeling and thought which he called "Comedia," but which we more appropriately name "The Divine Comedy." For in no writing that I know of are the music and the meaning so inextricably mingled, so that if you impair one you infringe upon the other, in this case the whole being considerably less than the sum of its parts.

For that reason—the difficult and the elusive always being a goal—the great Dante poem has been the temptation and the despair of perhaps more translators than any other work.

A partial list—some have only rendered fragments—includes such diverse names as Byron, Leigh Hunt, Charles Norton Eliot, George Musgrave, Courtney Langdon, C. H. Grandgent, John Jay Chapman, H. F. Carey (his is the standard, if old-fashioned translation), Jefferson Butler Fletcher, Lawrence Binyon, Geoffrey L. Bickersteth, and Melville Best Anderson.

Each one has conveyed something of the great Florentine, and considerably more of himself. Which one you prefer will depend upon your own temperament. Not one is a substitute for Dante in the original. More than one may lead you to seek him there.

Now we have a new addition to the long list. Lawrence Grant White comes from a long line of Dante enthusiasts, his grandfather having reviewed Longfellow's translation when it first appeared. He has worked on his own translation for twenty-five years.

It is, in many ways, a worthy product of so long an effort. Mr. White is on the side of those who seek meaning rather than melody, insisting that "the luckless translator can never recapture the beauty of Dante's music" and stating that "in this version the aim has been to tell the story as simply and as accurately as possible."

This aim he has certainly achieved. His rendering of Dante's Vergil- and Beatrice-conducted journey through hell, purgatory, and heaven is pleasant, easy, readable, and reasonably accurate. It is written in the "form used by Milton in his 'Paradise Lost'" since "*terza rima* is alien to English," and if there are even more lines of prose (and uninspired prose at that) than in Milton himself, there is some excellent, and much adequate, poetry.

But even in this handsome book, it is not Dante. As a matter of fact, and through no fault of Mr. White's, it cannot ever be Dante in a language to which *terza rima*—and the thoughts and the vocabulary which produced Dante's *terza rima*—is alien. He who wants to enjoy a full, or even a substantial, measure of this mighty Italian poet is still, and will be always, just where he started. He must master the Tuscan tongue.

65 Years Young

THE CLOUDS: Aigeltinger, Russia, and Other Verse. By William Carlos Williams. Aurora, N. Y.: The Wells College Press; Cummington, Mass.: The Cummington Press. 1948. 64 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HUBERT CREEKMORE

AMONG contemporary poets, of both the youngest generation with its fledgling volumes and the oldest generation with its promises of maturity, William Carlos Williams remains the one whose lines are most spontaneous, fresh, and alive. Though his first book, like Ezra Pound's, was a pamphlet of Victorian influences, and though much of his life has been devoted to medical practice, he has continued through three decades of changing fashions to be the always modern voice of poetry.

In this latest collection of sixty-one poems, one finds the sparkle and clarity of his images undiminished. And—as if in answer to those critics who cannot fathom in his lyrics certain qualities they share with Chinese lyrics—a more explicit indication of their meaning. One finds longer, flowing lines, fewer staccato effects, but still the same directness; a deepening of emotional significance, recently so apparent in the first two volumes of his "Paterson"; and none of the academic bread-stuffing and dehydration that make unappetizing so much of our current poetic fare. "And, as usual," he writes, "the fight as to the nature of poetry—Shall the philosophers capture it?"

There is variety—satire, terse commentaries, lyrics of love and landscape, meditations, jokes — and through it all the pervasive feeling of elation in nature, including mankind; the sudden grasp toward sadly transient beauty, and endless curiosity about and absorption of life. In short, a youthful poet at sixty-five!

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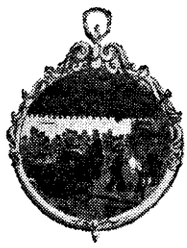

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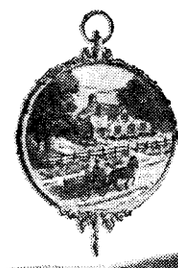

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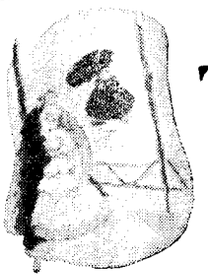

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strains of the war. Mr. Kane has adroitly packed a great deal of this history into a spare, rapid narrative.

The great fault of the book is its excessively romantic quality. The old South is romanticized; Washington under Pierce and Buchanan is romanticized; Richmond with McClellan and Grant thundering at the gate is romanticized. When the personages are not romanticized (as most of the Southern figures are), they are likely to be caricatured a little. General Winfield Scott, for example, is presented as a veritable grotesque; he had that side, to be sure, but it was only one side. What may be called the everyday aspect of life in the period is not rendered. Every transaction is presented on an emotional plane, and nearly every figure—most of all Varina—is in a state of constant tension. The years 1845-65 were a time of much drama and not a little melodrama, but there were many interludes of pedestrian calm even in Mrs. Jefferson Davis's existence. More realism about slavery, politics, Congress, and war, more homely touches appropriate to a mother and housewife, would have improved the book. And it must be said that some of the great men brought into the chronicle, such as John C. Calhoun, are but shadows of a name.

Yet the book has merits which leave a distinct impression upon the reader: a vivid apprehension of time and place, a real grasp of the complex politics of the era, and above all an understanding of the unusual woman who always holds the center of the piece. Mr. Kane has given careful study to these years, using many libraries and consulting many authorities. He is faithfulto the facts of history, and some of his insights will please historical students. He has given especially hard study to Varina Howell Davis, and much as one may learn about her in her own book, and from Eron Howland's two-volume biography, this is the best depiction of her personality in print. She is well worth knowing.

Public War and Private Consciousness

THE WINE OF ASTONISHMENT. By Martha Gellhorn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 325 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

THE last winter of war in the European Theatre smolders and sputters and explodes in the pages of Miss Gellhorn's novel. It begins with the boredom and weariness of American troops in a forest campaign near the Luxembourg border. In the midst of their misery the men have one solace —the private daydream, the secret sanctuary of memory and wish. Each has his own grateful picture of a future far from the ruin and wretchedness of war. For Lieutenant-Colonel John Smithers it was a never-ending day of perfect duck shooting on a river in Georgia. For Private Jacob Levy it was a valley he had once glimpsed in the Smoky Mountains, where the days would pass in stillness and beauty. There a man could just be alone, just living there by the river.

The theme of Miss Gellhorn's uncompromising novel is that the wish must be discarded. Jake Levy discovers that even in peace the world won't leave him alone. There is a line in Wordsworth, that Private Levy didn't know, and Miss Gellhorn doesn't mention, that tells what happened in this novel: "I made no vows, but vows were then made for me." So the sanctuary of wish dissolved like a morning mist on the river and at the end Jake Levy, with the incredible peace outside his hospital window, found himself committed to a lasting struggle. Not that this novel is Wordsworthian. But it moves steadily inward, without any diminishing of outward narrative, and it culminates in a moral discovery and assertion.

The story finds the 277th Infantry, Twentieth Division, stalemated in the rainy forest, thinking that the war has gone to hell. When they are sent to rest billets at Luxembourg City they stare at the clean streets and the lighted buildings. A city could be beautiful simply because it was standing. Then it became beautiful for a better reason. There was a Red Cross girl at the Officers' Club, and a blue-eyed waitress in a cafe. Soon the colonel forgot his river in Georgia and Jake Levy began enlarging his dream shack in the Smokies, getting it ready for two.

In sound and flexible prose that responds to the narrative, Miss Gellhorn follows her men back to a thinly-held front, where the December snow kept erasing the litter and violence of war. Then suddenly in the iron cold the Germans attacked—through the snow, the forest, across the river, over the fields. The men didn't call it the Battle of the Bulge. They didn't call it anything. They merely fought on, numb with cold, groggy with sleeplessness, hungry and haggard. Through the snow the Germans kept coming as though driven by a final and furious hope.

This is a remarkably effective battle account, not of strategy and combat but of soldiers lost and wandering in the forest, of troops dived on by their own planes, of an old village woman trying to get into her roped-off house and crying that the sentry had stolen her sheets. The comradeship of battle does not appear, but its loneliness does. The men who died here, and the men who lived, were "the men you saw every day, talked to, called by their names, and did not know."

It is a surprisingly masculine novel. Even a woman war correspondent could not be expected to see war so completely as men see it. The narrative is focused on the men, and though it deals truly with both men and women the motives of the men are more clearly and firmly made known. The tone is masculine and the idiom, beyond and beneath the GI argot, is essentially man's idiom.

The very closeness of war threatens the story in its later chapters. The quickening advance through Germany, the candid account of looting, the occupying of Munich, the meeting with the Russians, and the final sickening visit to the prison camp at Dachau—these events dwarf the characters and for a little while overshadow their situations. It seems that the novel is turning into first-class reporting, but at the end it is Jake Levy's character we have before us and not the sweating, marching, looting men. Miss Gellhorn's novel brings the public war to bear on a private consciousness, on a man's hopes and wishes, on his humanity. Her novel, with its unfaltering outward reality, moves significantly inward into human character and realization.

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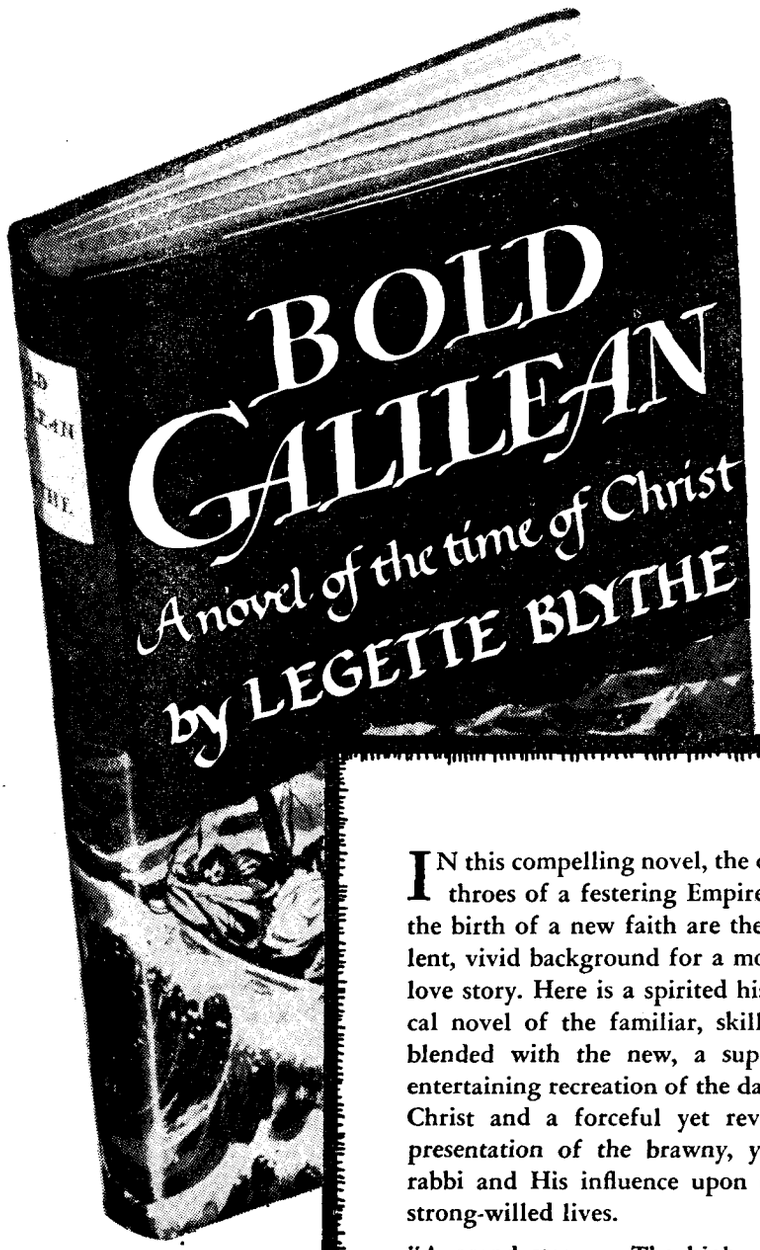

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Martian Among Us

CHINATOWN FAMILY. By Lin Yutang. New York: The John Day Co. 1948. 350 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THE life and hard times of a Chinese family in New York City would seem, in prospect, to be one more panel in the larger picture of immigrant struggle. The Czechs, the Swedes, the Jews, the Irish, and the Poles came in diverse ways to describe a series of homogeneous patterns on their way upward, into social solvency. But not so the Chinese.

The difference, very nicely illustrated in this novel, is one of equipment. They brought more of cultural ballast with them than any of the other peoples, and they regarded with wider and calmer eyes the gaucheries of a civilization younger than their own. More than any other foreigner, and certainly in a way that no European could experience (since the Europeans and ourselves share the one civilization), the sensitive Chinese is a man from Mars among us. Earnestly grateful though the poorest Chinese immigrant may be, he cannot help but weigh our knowledge and our instincts against his own. He is not so passionately anxious to disappear beneath the surface of America that he cannot pause to taste, and to roll critically upon his tongue, its characteristic flavors. It is this leavening quality of judgment which gives such light and sparkle to a tale not otherwise distinguished by very much of physical movement.

Every member of the family of Tom Fong has his commentary, implicit and explicit, to make upon his new environment; but chief among these and most eloquent is the younger son, Tom Fong, Junior. It is through his eyes that we are given the rare opportunity to examine again, freshly, the things you know too well now to think about unless goaded to do so. Observe young Tom's calm rejection of street-gang tradition: that he must brawl for his rights. ("I know you got stronger muscles. I know it without fighting. But that's all you got. I say I won't fight you. And I won't buy an ice pop for you. Get it yourself.")

Note his amazement at the psychic knots we tie ourselves into over sex. (He concludes that Americans are ashamed not of sex but of childbirth. An interesting notion. You begin to deny it.) He is scornful of any study of Napoleon ("a crazy killer"), and his explanation of the Declaration of Independence will prove to be a half-page of luminous simplicity for those who have forgotten what it says. Perhaps it is because of his presence beside this solemn and philosophic young Tom, that older brother Yiko, an "Americanized" Chinese anxious to get ahead, wear sporty clothes, sell insurance, shake the right hands, seems so humorously pitiful, like the dog in the fable who has dropped his own bone to grasp at a reflection.

The tale itself, as I have said, is meandering and quite unexciting, as it traces the careers of the Fongs along their separate ways, to individual forms of happiness. The tone is the thing here. There is no need to explain at this time the warm and amiable penetration of Lin Yutang's writing. He has not extended himself. He has been content to make his point, quite openly, within the confines of a simple experience told without any fireworks at all.

There is some Lao Tse here too, slipped into the narrative as an extra fillip for the intellectually curious.

Nature Girl

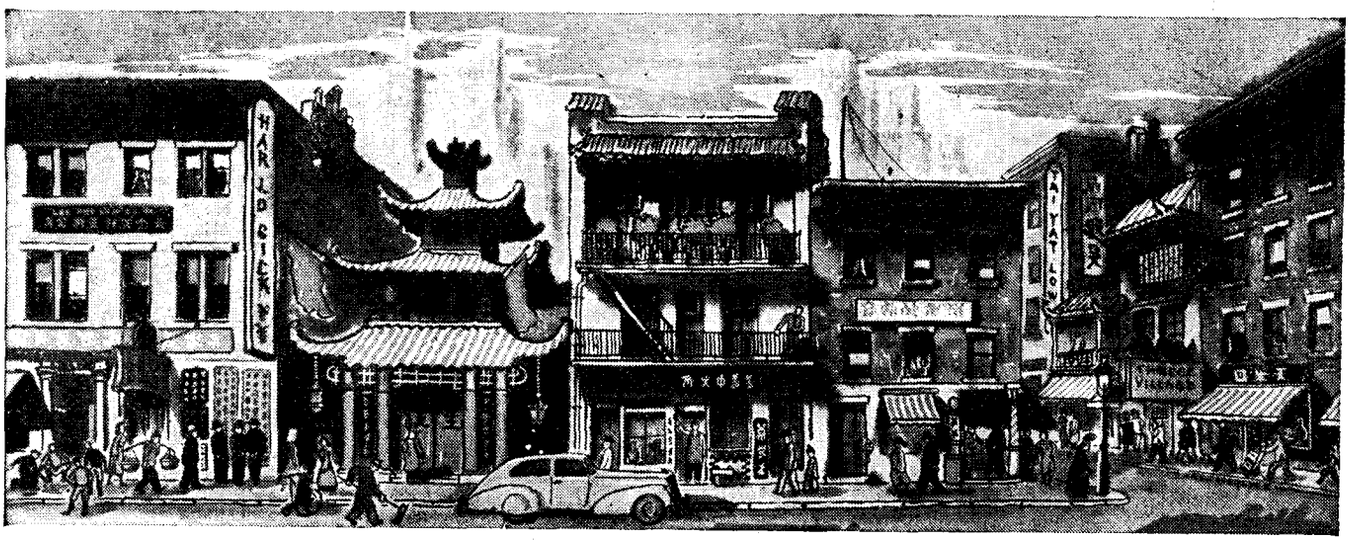
HERSELF SURPRISED. By Joyce Cary. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 275 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

JOYCE CARY has been robustly successful in reducing morality to absurdity. Happy, healthy laughter is the only possible response to sex as he sees it. And don't let anyone, not even Mr. Cary himself, inject the faintest note of derision into this laughter. I for one choose to take Sara Monday straight, and let those who will, seek satire.

Sara is a servant. Her forte is cooking and therefore, no matter what vicissitudes she faces, her life will be abundant. She is profoundly religious, ambitious to learn, eager to please, and never, never willing to hurt anyone's feelings. Above all, never hurt the male. The indignity to his pride is cruel beyond the telling. So Sara gives of herself in the flesh and in the spirit. She asks nothing but to serve. Her generosity is immense, entirely unquestioning, and free from bitterness. Her maintained innocence keeps her seemingly soft. She is of the earth and there is no romance in her life. She is simply that child of nature busy, as the ditty has it, "doing what comes naturally."

"Herself Surprised" is actually a barroom ballad. Many will salute Sara's saga crying into their beer before they learn to smile at her endearing simplicity. Certainly her men seemed to do her wrong and she never got what she really deserved. Though no one can deny she was assiduous in her search, ready to grasp the proffered moment. If money and position came along with the set-up, so much the better. But Sara was far from



—From the jacket of "Chinatown Family."

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professional in her outlook; her fundamental guilelessness merely increased her desirability.

Rich, aging bachelor Matt Monday was the first to call her out of the kitchen. She became his respected wife and mother of his children, who fortunately never cluttered her life. She strayed first with Matt's rich county friend, later with a visiting artist who claimed her as his mistress on Matt's death, and finally with a pinching old man from whom she pilfered small sums to support her erstwhile lover and his current paramour. This way the call beckons, but a sequel is due and Sara, undoubtedly, is far from finished. Age will not wither this overweight, agreeable Aphrodite. Hers is an enduring charm.

Mr. Cary identifies himself brilliantly with the peasant mind motivated by purely animal instinct. He is also completely at home with the artist. When Sara poses for Gulley Jimson, the "most of a man" she ever knew, we are made to see a body with the glow of Renoir. And after we share the sun with Sara.

These are country maters, lusty and primitive. To read of them is to rejoice in the rowdy heritage of the eighteenth century.

Satanic Morality

THE SEA CHASE. By Andrew Geer. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 274 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THE comparative competence of today's major literary figures and those of the last generation has produced considerable metaphysical debate and very few conclusions. There is no doubt, however, that along the levels just below the top the boys have been learning how to write. Thirty years ago a book like this would have been a post-juvenile blood-and-thunder job, along the lines of Arthur D. Howden-Smith. The materials for such a book are all here. A German freighter, low on coal, escapes from an Australian port in the early days of September 1939 for a try at winning home free, taking aboard at the last moment a lovely lady who has been doing a little espionage. An Australian cruiser pursues her through storm, fog, and the belt of still little-known Pacific islands. There are some pretty wild goings-on during the chase and, thanks to accumulating tensions, some still wilder ones aboard the freighter herself. Many of the events are fortuitous, and there we are, dealing with fairly well-worn material.

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commonplace about the way Mr. Geer handles his materials or the results he attains. He has learned that action grows out of character and character is described by action. At the center of his picture is as finely-drawn and complex an individual as ever sailed the fictive seas—Ehrlich, formerly of the German Navy, from which he was ejected for backing the wrong horse in the days of the Weimar Republic, eaten with ambition to recoup, whose very Nazism is less a conviction than a technique, and in whose delineation there is incidently a fairly good analysis of the nature of totalitarian thought itself. The analysis is continued through the other characters—Kirchner, the astute, politically-minded first officer, the apprentices who crack up, the stupid quartermaster—and this is lent additional validity by being set against certain non-Nazis who have been drawn into the general structure of the story with the greatest possible skill.

The women (two of them appear) are not quite so good; they seem to be there mainly for the purpose of making some comment or accomplishing some piece of stage business which it would be awkward to place in masculine hands, or because Mr. Geer seems to feel it necessary to add passion to the emotions he handles so vigorously. But this hardly even counts as a drawback; the important thing is that throughout quite a long book the reader is led to follow with the utmost interest and understanding if not sympathy the struggles of a singularly repulsive group of people. Murder becomes a necessity in this milieu of man against the gods; brutality is justified. There is a queer sort of integrity in what these men do, a kind of Satanic morality, where the only man who wishes to escape is the least moral of all.

To have produced such results from what is essentially a sea tale is no mean achievement. How does he do it? Through a splendid stripped prose and above all through action—usually but not necessarily violent. As is mentioned above, this action is often accidental, but at least for the period of reading, there is little effect of accident. One comes away with a feeling that if a given part of the outcome or the whole of it, were not the effect of the incidents offered here, it would have been led to by some other incident, perhaps involving a different set of minor characters, but not less certain. Against the gods we struggle in vain, whether men or devils—a statement that has perhaps been made before, but seldom with such orchestration as in this book.

The Time of Man in Vermont

THE GREAT YEAR. By Dilys Bennett Laing. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1948. 285 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

DILYS BENNETT LAING has written a fine and moving book in "The Great Year": a story of three generations of Vermont farming folk. Its material and style are deceptively simple; its concept is essentially poetic and profound. In "The Great Year" Mrs. Laing has given a local habitation and a name, not to airy nothingness, but to changeless and universal truths. Being a poet, she possesses the poet's ability to endow familiar events and daily commonplaces with implication and overtone, to suggest more than she says, to make the humble and apparently trivial great with significance. The period through which she follows the fortunes of a family of rural Vermonters is not the conventional year of seedtime and harvest, but symbolically that eternal cycle, the time of man. Specifically, and for the book's purpose, it covers some seventy years, from the birth of Sam Potter, farmer and son of Aaron Potter, farmer, to an unnamed date, 195-, in which Sam's descendants find themselves facing a world altered by unleashed terrible forces. The imaginative jaunt into the atomic age is, understandably enough (since Mrs. Laing is working with conjecture and prophecy rather than with fact and history), less convincing than the other episodes of which the book is made up.

There are twelve chapters, one for each month of that eternal year, and on the surface they are simple, unpretentious chronicles of incidents in the lives of various members of the Potter family. It is through implication only that these ordinary happenings to ordinary people take on a wider and deeper meaning. The Great Year is, in fact, Every Year; the Potter family, though their circumstances are individual, are, in their hopes and fears and griefs and small triumphs, Every Family.

It is extraordinary that Mrs. Laing, who is not a Vermonter (though she has lived in that state for some years), and who only came to this country from her native Wales after her marriage, could catch so accurately the very essence of rural New England, and a New England of a past era, for the most part—its speech, reticence, its customs, manners, its harsh toil, its homespun pleasures. Perhaps, on second thought, it isn't extraordinary, but only another illustration of that faculty which the born writer has, and which enables him to perceive, to respond, and to translate what he sees and feels with unmistakable verisimilitude. "The Great Year" is rich in this quality. Its author observes, absorbs, and recreates the scene and the people with graphic clarity and sympathetic insight.

It is an appealing and memorable book, written with simple, distinctive charm, and with the poet's fine way with words.

"Could you spare a little turpentine?"

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THE LAUGH'S ON YOU

(Continued from page 13)

Back in the late Twenties, when *The New Yorker* was just making itself known, the early contributors and editors set a pattern geared to their own circumstances. Everybody was young and reckless and impoverished and lived down in the Village and drank bathtub gin. Casuals in those days were about the random antics of part-time maids, the general insecurities of light housekeeping, and the problems of thwarting hangovers and creditors. Well, time went by, the magazine prospered, and casuals changed; they involved the little problems of people who lived uptown, in elevator apartments, with at least a small balance at the bank. People in casuals had children for the first time. The hangovers diminished. Still later, the casuals began to involve living in the country (Suburbia was of course skipped). Children in casuals were away at school. The physical ailments of middle age crept in. Nobody was young or poor or irresponsible any more.

At any given time, all contributors, young or old, rich or poor, have had to conform to the current life-pattern of the editors. There is no explicit policy about this, of course. It just happens that no other kinds of casual are bought. In 1937 I referred in a casual to my "room-and-a-half" in Twelfth Street. The editors, without explanation, changed the reference to my "rooms."

The New Yorker is, and always has been, hospitable to young writers who can say what the editors want them to say. At the exact moment, the young men must counterfeit fifty-year-old writing. All too soon, they will be obliged to go in for gout—and finally, of course, senility.

Jokes, and even subjects for jokes, are being used up at a hideously accelerated rate, compared to our parents' day. A comedian who would use the same monologue for fifteen years on various vaudeville circuits now needs forty such monologues a year if he's on the radio. And the number of comedians has doubled and redoubled, too. There is hardly a magazine now that doesn't use funny drawings. Even if the humorist sticks to writing under his own name instead of ghosting other people's stuff on the radio or in cartoons, he is more likely than not to find himself up against a weekly or a monthly deadline. Under this incredible, grinding pressure, moral standards among humorists have inevitably lapsed. A mild form of plagiarism is now openly tolerated

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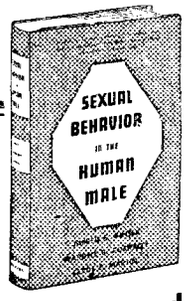

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among gag-men and their employers—the switch, or switcheroo. This is merely the process of taking another man's joke and changing it so that it is not immediately recognizable, as automobile thieves might put different colored paint on a hot car. A switch on my thanks-I'll-smoke-it-later joke might have a farmer shooing his small son away from the smokehouse, with the line, "No, not 'til you're twenty-one." (On second thought, that's a little too good to serve as a sample switch; but you get the idea.)

About the same time that the switch became respectable, gag writers began to admit openly that they maintained gag-files. A gag-file is a gag-man's only real property, his sole estate when finally he succumbs to stomach ulcers. Filed away in one or more filing cabinets, every prosperous gag-writer has thousands of jokes. These jokes are filed under subject, with generous cross-references. My smoke-it-later gag might be filed under "Smoking," along with such gems as "Do I mind women smoking? I don't care if they burst into flames." There would be reference cards under "Ham," "Farmer," and "Cigar."

Every gag printed in a newspaper or magazine, spoken in a movie or play, heard over the radio or in a smoking compartment is summarized and filed away by the careful gag-writer. Then, in an emergency, it can be hauled out, given the old switcheroo, and presented as a new joke. Every retreaded gag thus turned out is in its turn noted down by the other gag-men for their gag-files. Thus, over the years, jokes have come to the same pass that the old royal families of Europe were in; they are all first cousins, and in consequence a little idiotic.

IT is a sober fact that every medium for the dissemination of ideas is dominated by manufactured humor. The motto on our coinage ought to be "Anything for a laugh," with, perhaps, a tag—"and a laugh for anything." The night after the announcement that the atomic bomb had been used against the Japanese showed how far this situation had gone. There was not a comedy program that didn't have its A-bomb joke. The radio gag-writers had plainly asked themselves, "What will my A-bomb joke be?" Nobody had stopped to ask, "Is the A-bomb funny?"

During the years of Hitler's rise to power, our humorists kept us in theoretical gales of laughter with jokes about his mustache. For variety, there were jokes about Goebbels's lameness and Goering's corpulence. Probably there was a small minority that believed Hitler and Goebbels and Goering were not especially funny, but the average taxpayer doesn't dare speak up when he doesn't think a joke is funny. He prides himself on "being able to laugh at his troubles." He thanks his Maker for his "sense of humor." Actually, what he is rejoicing in is his lack of a decent sense of outrage.

I seriously believe that if the joke-smiths—the writers of farces, motion-picture comedies, cartoon captions, funny magazine articles, and radio scripts—were to go on strike for a week, the consequences would be as damaging to the national economy as a coal strike. Newspapers and magazines would shrink to almost nothing, no cameras would turn in Hollywood, and the radio would stutter and fall silent. A wave of alarm would sweep the country.

HUMOR, the manufactured joke, has become the lubricant of modern life. In cities so crowded that it is impossible to walk the streets without actually bumping into other people, millions of people live uncomfortably, the vast majority of them working at jobs that are fantastically degrading to the human spirit. To realize for yourself how necessary a ready joke is under these conditions, just try to get through a short period of time, even twenty-four hours, without once making a joke. Jokes are the small coinage of life today, as necessary as the dime in the subway turnstile.

It is possible, walking down Third Avenue, seeing two saloons to every block, and all filled with drunken people, to reflect upon the abuses of alcohol. Everybody likes a drink now and then; but here are people who are abusing a good thing. Similarly, everybody enjoys a good laugh now and then, but a nation which clogs its arteries of communication with jokes is abusing a good thing. Yes, indeed—but why?

I can't help feeling slightly virtuous that a series of happenings quite fortuitously took me out of the humor business just before the dawn of the atomic era. I now do other work for my bread-and-butter. I am still, on occasion, screamingly funny—but on my own time, and in company that I choose. My own personal explanation for the current and growing addiction to second-hand humor is that there is a big lack in our lives, something that we are trying to replace with bum gags. Nero won himself quite a reputation by fiddling through a disaster which was, after all, parochial. There is something majestically gruesome about being a professional humorist today.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1948

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. R. Cominsky, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Saturday Review Associates, Inc., Harrison Smith, President, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Editor, Norman Cousins, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; General Manager, J. R. Cominsky, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Leonard Bacon, Henry S. Canby, J. R. Cominsky, Norman Cousins, E. L. DeGolyer, Marshall Field, Lilian Grannon, Amy Loveman, Rebecca Lowrie, Harrison Smith. The address of all individuals named above is 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is 81,842. (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) J. R. COMINSKY,
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THE FINE ARTS

CHALLENGING THE LAMBENT, LANGUOROUS PITCHMEN

FROM the end of the war until 1947 the international publishing firmament was ablaze with unprecedented activity in art. And then a grim Joshua appeared in the guise of rising plate-costs, commanding the new sun to stand still, in fact to go away altogether. The command was so effective that for a time it threatened total blackout, and in one art-bookshop window a monograph on Bruegel was replaced by Truman Capote's langorous, menacing photograph—successor, within the sales technique of using an author's image as pitchman for his written works, to the more lambent image of Miss Kathleen Winsor. But things are a little better now, I am told. At any rate, 1948 has produced in America alone a quantity of art books, some of which should prove of lasting value.

Among the latter is George Kubler's "Mexican Architecture of the Sixteenth Century" (Yale University Press, $15), the product of a long, devoted labor which qualified scholars assure me has been most successful. We are only beginning to appreciate fully the pre-Colonial heritage of this continent, and this book's illustrations explode the fallacy that that era's art had reached its New-World climax before Columbus touched our shores. One of the high points in the North American architectural past is surveyed in Clarence John Laughlin's "Ghosts Along the Mississippi" (Scribner's, $10), a book of photographs of the Greek Revival plantation houses of Louisiana. The book is spoiled, for me at least, by Mr. Laughlin's attempt to poetize his subject in a surrealist or neo-romantic manner, using various fancy properties. The great Southern mansions need no staging, and one longs for the sharp, straightforward, eminently sensitive documentation that a Walker Evans could have provided. Also in the architectural field, there have been two additions to the already considerable library on Le Corbusier. These are "New World of Space" (Reynal & Hitchcock, $6), by the architect himself, and "Le Corbusier" (Macmillan, $7.50), edited by Stamo Papadaki. We can scarcely know too much about the work and theories of this artist, who ranks indisputably among the masters of modern architecture. Albert Christ-Janer's monograph on Eliel Saarinen is promised for autumn (University of Chicago Press, $15), and the whole complicated history of European building will presumably be reviewed in "An Outline of European Architecture" (Scribner's, $5) by a top-ranking English authority, Dr. Nikolaus Pevsner.

My own knowledge of architecture is casual, alas, and changing the subject to painting and sculpture brings the comfortable, slightly regretful sensation of transferring from canoe to rowboat. Yet architecture and the studio arts have often been spiritually close in our period, so close indeed that the Miller Company of Meriden, Conn., manufacturers of lighting equipment, has formed an intelligent and provocative collection of modern painting and sculpture, showing points of comparison and influence between these arts and their architectural sister. Of this collection Henry-Russell Hitchcock has prepared an excellent catalogue, "Painting Toward Architecture" (Duell, $6), which conveys an impression of central momentum in the contemporary visual arts as a whole, and thus weakens the charge of scattered idiosyncrasy so often leveled against them. This is not to say that all good modern painting and sculpture have been predominantly architectural! Far from it. But it is to claim that our century can boast a formal stylistic core, to which most good living architects are committed, and of which the best painters are aware, whether they accept its rigid substance or spit it out fiercely.

The Renaissance is the backbone of nearly all subsequent art, of course, and each new generation discovers unsuspected vertebrae to account for its strength. This year Charles de Tolnay has added an impressive third volume to his projected five-volume work on Michelangelo ("The Medici Chapel," Princeton University Press, $20). The same press has reissued for the third time Erwin Panofsky's magnificent study of Michelangelo's Northern contemporary, Albrecht Dürer (Princeton, $25). Then, returning to the Italian field, John Pope-Hennessy has published an agreeable, well-illustrated book on the beguiling painters of fifteenth-century Siena, "Sienese Quattrocento Painting" (Oxford University Press, $6). Harvard University Press has issued Edgar Wind's "Bellini's Feast of the Gods" ($7.50). The latter book has been criticized as lacking the pith and fluency of Dr. Wind's famous lectures on Renaissance subjects, but reading it this spring in Rome, as the sirocco blew African sands through the streets, I found it both illuminating and sprightly.

For me one of the great excitements of revisiting Paris this year was seeing again the major works of Delacroix—so surely and inevitably breaking their way through the "modern" prejudice against the romantic vernacular. The master's Journal has been reprinted in English by Crown Publishers ($5). The Journal is a very great book indeed. It is also the most devastating possible answer to the theory that painters are all rather cumbersome mutes, led like chimpanzees to their easels and back to silence again. Delacroix was one of the most brilliant men of his century, and was able to say eloquently what he thought, felt, and knew.

DELACROIX'S art and precepts had an immense effect on the youthful Renoir, who late in life paid homage to the master by designing a medallion after a Delacroix self-portrait. But by then Renoir himself was old and partially paralyzed, and the actual medallion was made by Richard Guino, who was responsible for the execution of many of Renoir's sculptures. The story of the collaboration between helpless painter and skilled young assistant is told in Paul Haesaerts's "Renoir, Sculptor" (Reynal & Hitchcock, $6). It was an extraordinarily successful collaboration, yet Renoir knew which of his fellows was a greater sculptor. "Our leading sculptor is Degas, of course," he said. "I've seen a bas-relief of his which he allowed to crumble away; it was as beautiful as an antique. And that dancer in wax. . . . She had a mouth, a mere indication,

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but what design!" And perhaps of all the artists of Renoir's generation it is Degas who continues to offer the most surprises, as new aspects of his art and sensibility come to light. Degas's letters have been edited by Marcel Guérin, and are to be published this fall by Studio Publications ($6). I look forward eagerly to reading them, for in contrast to Delacroix, whose instinctive formality of expression is felt even in his personal journal, Degas was at his best when he lashed out in conversation or confided his brusque opinions in letters to friends.

Not the least of the reasons why American art has developed so rapidly over the past seventy-five years is the number of great pictures which have been acquired by our museums and collectors. It is of the greatest importance for a nation's living artists to have at hand a wide range of first-rate works from various schools and lands, as the effect of the Louvre on nineteenth-century French painters so forcefully proves. "Great Paintings in America," edited by Fisk Kimball and Lionello Venturi (Coward-McCann, $20), is due soon, and should provide a revealing inventory of what our artists and public can draw on for instruction and pleasure. This anthology of five-star images in America will be supplemented by Walter Pach's historical account "The Art Museum in America" (Pantheon Books, $5.50).

What seems a never-diminishing miracle is that our first important painters were able to get started at all, with no example to sustain them and no true place in the pressing order of their countrymen. We can expect to learn more about their struggle from James Thomas Flexner's forthcoming monograph on John Singleton Copley (Houghton Mifflin, $5), and in any case a new book on this remarkable painter is almost automatically welcome. But Copley, it must be admitted, has held our attention fairly steadily over the past years, whereas Washington Allston, the leading figure in the generation immediately following Copley's, has been consistently neglected. Edgar P. Richardson's modern reappraisal of Allston is announced for this fall (University of Chicago Press, $10). It seems incredible that we have gone so long without such a book, for trying to understand nineteenth-century American painting without knowing Allston's exact contribution is like leaving Washington Irving out of a survey of native literature; perhaps it is even more thoughtless.

Allston's chief influence was on our landscape painting, and this entire tra-

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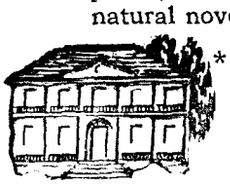

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P.S. Consult us on wants for all out-of-print books and magazines, all subjects, all languages.

dition is explored in Wolfgang Born's "American Landscape Painting" (Yale University Press, $7.50), a book whose text and plates are sometimes highly rewarding, but whose compartments have occasional rough edges. The contemporary section is especially weak, and shows the same bias toward the precisionist school of Demuth, Dickinson, and Sheeler which was evinced in Mr. Born's earlier work "Still-life Painting in America." I admire the precisionists too, as I said in reviewing Mr. Born's previous book, but it seems to me a naive over-simplification both of modernity and of this nation's part therein, to see in their art an almost exclusively valid contemporary American expression. Knowing Charles Sheeler's modesty and his respect for artists of quite different tendency, I think he must be troubled by Mr. Born's words: "Sheeler's artistic language is, however, understandable not merely to Americans but everywhere in the world, for it is the language of truly contemporary art. In his work the time lag between the European and the American development has been finally overcome." To this one can only reply that Sheeler's art, fine as it is, is hardly appreciated at all outside this country, and that no one has the insight to say so inflexibly at this juncture what is and is not "truly contemporary art."

As to the time lag between European and American developments in art, I suspect that it has been overcome by improved means of transportation and communication rather than by any artist's work, and I wish we would stop fussing about it and get on with our chores. One of the most pressing of these is the publication of adequate monographs on our best living artists. This year, happily, Lloyd Goodrich has prepared a fine book on Yasuo Kuniyoshi, published in connection with the Whitney Museum's retrospective exhibition of that excellent painter's work (Macmillan, $2.50). And MacKinley Helm's "John Marin" is scheduled for autumn (Pellegrini & Cudahy, $6.50). If only books such as these could be distributed widely in Europe, perhaps with aid from a foundation to help overcome the difficult exchange rate! They would do more than their part to combat the most common European propaganda charge against this country: that we are a great and powerful nation, but lacking in serious concern for the things of the mind and spirit.

JAMES THRALL SOBY.

Universal Military Training

By George Abbe

THE bird with sapphire eyes and spreading wings
Whose cairn was high and elegantly bowered,
Whose entrails lived from other birds devoured,
Heard far beneath a world that shines and sings,
And with his talons sheathed, down regal stairs
Of sun and wind, slow-circled till he came
To tall, warm trees where starlings went in pairs,
And saw their eyes, like precious stones, had flame.

Hovering, he said: "Beyond your realm, on seas
Of blowing wheat, fed by the golden seed,
A horde of pagan sparrows swell their greed.
They threaten you. Arise, take flight; and free
This glowing air from danger. This costly eye,
This sapphire sight will lead and sharp discern.
But, first, a strict formation you must learn."

So, through sky prairies of a later hour,
Past buttresses of blue and forts of cloud,
Starlings in line, assembled in full power,
Swept, and descended on the golden-bowered
And beauteous land where sparrows ranged in peace.
They struck, with hoarsest cry; the sparrows fought;
The wheat was torn; the blood lay thick and hot
Upon the grain. Waiting for life to cease,
The great bird hovered; then to his plunder sank.

And when, that starry night, the cold winds marched,
High in his cairn, the bodies of the dead
Made him a nest, and bright in his rocky arch
The eyes of starlings, garnet and ruby red,
Turquoise and amethyst, flamed in the sterile light,
Giving an angry opulence to icy height.

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For the Art Connoisseur

Flagging a Banner Year

WITH restrictions on paper and printing now largely removed, with access to European museums and scholarship possible once more, American publishers of art books this year have had their first opportunity to gratify the enormous interest in the fine arts that has been flowering in the United States during the past decade. The result is the largest and finest collections of art books ever published during a twelvemonth. Because of limitations of space, it has been possible in the following checklist to include only the works with the widest appeal published during 1948.

General

THE ART MUSEUM IN AMERICA. By Walter Pach. New York: Pantheon Books. 1948. 360 pp. $5.50. An account of the history, achievements, and problems of art museums in the United States by a distinguished American art historian.

EDUCATION THROUGH ART. By Herbert Read. New York: Pantheon Books. 1948. 320 pp. $5.50. The celebrated British poet, philosopher, and critic combines modern psychology and pedagogics in analyzing artistic activity in children. Many illustrations.

AESTHETICS AND HISTORY IN THE VISUAL ARTS. By Bernard Berenson. New York: Pantheon Books. 1948. 300 pp. $4. A famous art historian sums up a lifetime of thought and experience in the appreciation of art as a personal adventure.

THE TASTE OF ANGELS. By Francis Henry Taylor. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 661 pp. $10. A history of art collecting from Rameses to Napoleon by the director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Scholarly in approach and profusely illustrated with pictures of collectors, galleries, and museums.

AN APPROACH TO MODERN PAINTING. By Maurice Davidson. New York: Coward-McCann. 1948. 167 pp. $5. Reviewed in *SRL*, Aug. 7, 1948.

THE MATHEMATICAL BASIS OF THE ARTS. By Joseph Schillinger. New York: Philosophical Library. 1948. 696 pp. $12. A onetime professor at the State Institute of the History of Arts in Leningrad undertakes to formulate laws of mathematical logic underlying all art structures.

PICTURES, PAINTERS, AND YOU. By Ray Bethers. New York: Pitman Publishing Corp. 1948. 288 pp. $5. By the skilful use of pictures and diagrams the author untangles the diverse elements that make up a picture. One section contains reproductions of twenty-two modern paintings illuminated by the credos of the artists.

BEST OF ART. By Emily Genauer. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 199 pp. $7.50. Fifty-two recent American paintings selected by Miss Genauer with explanatory pieces giving the reason for her choice and the artist's explanation of the meaning of his work. The volume also includes a list of the major art exhibits given in the U.S. in 1947.

OUTLINE OF ENGLISH PAINTING. By Reginald Howard Wilenski. New York: Philosophical Library. 1948. 142 pp. $3.75. A brief but comprehensive outline from the thirteenth century to the present day by a distinguished British critic. Thirty-four illustrations, one in color.

THE PAINTER'S QUESTION AND ANSWER BOOK. By Frederic Taubes. New York: Watson-Guptill Publications. 1948. 217 pp. $5. Typical questions of beginning painters are answered by an authority on painting technique.

THE CARE OF PICTURES. By George Leslie Stout. New York: Columbia University Press. 1948. 139 pp. $3.75. A brief summary of basic problems.

THE SECRET FORMULAS AND TECHNIQUES OF THE MASTERS. By Jacques Maroger. New York: Studio Publications. 1948. 176 pp. $4.50. The most significant treatise yet published on how the old masters painted, written by the former technical director of the Laboratory of the Louvre Museum, Paris, and president of the Restorers of France. Thirty-two pages of illustrations.

DEGAS LETTERS. Edited by Marcel Guerin. New York: Studio Publications. 1948. 270 pp. $6. Revealing light on the life of the late nineteenth-century French painter.

Painting: Anthologies

DISCUSSIONS ON ART SERIES: Forest Hills, N. Y.: Transatlantic Arts. 1948. $2.75 a volume. SPANISH PAINTING. By Philip Hendy. DUTCH PAINTING. By James Bolivar Manson. BRITISH PAINTING. By William Gaunt. FLEMISH PAINTING. By Emile Cammaerts. FRENCH PAINTING FROM THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY TO TODAY. By T. W. Earp. GOTHIC PAINTING. By Cyril G. E. Bunt. AMERICAN PAINTING. By Denys Sutton. ITALIAN PAINTING UP TO LEONARDO AND RAPHAEL. By Tancred Borenius. LATER ITALIAN PAINTING FROM TITIAN TO TIEPOLO. By Tancred Borenius. MODERN PAINTING. By Reginald Brill. BYZANTINE PAINTING. By David Talbot Rice. Each volume contains four or five color plates and an average of forty single-page plates in monotone. The authors are leading British critics and museum directors.

SIENESE QUATTROCENTO PAINTING. By John Pope-Hennessy. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 131 pp. $5.50. An anthology of 100 reproductions of fifteenth-century Sienese paintings, including many detailed photographs.

THE FLEMISH PRIMITIVES. By Leo van Puyvelde. New York: Continental Book Center. 1948. 187 pp. $16.50. A study of Flemish painters from Van Eyck to Bernard van Orley by a professor at the University of Liège. The numerous illustrations—twenty of which are in full color—are analyzed by the author.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART. Edited by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. New York: Museum of Modern Art. 1948. 328 pp. $5.

GREAT PAINTINGS IN AMERICA. Selected and interpreted by Fiske Kimball and Lionello Venturi. New York: Coward-McCann. 1948. 217 pp. $20. A handsome collection of 101 great paintings from American museums and private collections well reproduced in full color, one to each large page. Mr. Kimball, the director of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, contributes an essay on "Understanding and Enjoying Paintings." An interpretation of each work is given by Mr. Venturi, professor of the history of art at the University of Rome.

Painting: Individual Artists

FRA ANGELICO. New York: Studio Publications. 1948. $10. The latest addition to the highly regarded Sylvana Series. Thirty-two large color plates. Text in Italian.

REMBRANDT. By Jakob Rosenberg. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1948. 2 vols., boxed. $18.50. A comprehensive study of Rembrandt's many-sided art that is both readable and scholarly. There are 281 gravure reproductions.

BELLINI'S FEAST OF THE GODS. By Edgar Wind. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1948. 81 pp. $7.50. Reviewed in *SRL*, Oct. 9, 1948.

EUGENE DELACROIX, HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Charles Baudelaire. New York: Crown Publishers. 1948. $5. Baudelaire's long essay, published in English for the first time, accompanies more than sixty examples of Delacroix' work, twenty-five of which are in original color.

CÉZANNE. By Bernard Dorival. New York: Continental Book Center. 1948. 360 pp. $12.50. An important and definitive work on one of the greatest painters of all time. One hundred and sixty illustrations, of which twenty-four are in full color.

VUILLARD. By Claude Roger-Marx. New York: Continental Book Center. 1948. $6.75. A representative collection of this French modern who during his lifetime never permitted the reproduction of his works. Twenty-four pages

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GEORGES ROUAULT. By Edward Alden Jewell. New York: Crown Publishers. 1948. 47 pp. $5. Two color plates and many reproductions in black and white of representative selections of Rouault's paintings.

PABLO PICASSO. By Paul Eluard. New York: Philosophical Library. 1947. 168 pp. $4.75. Selections of the artist's works, representative of every period of his career, with poetry and prose by Eluard expressing the feeling of the pictures.

PICASSO: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT. By Jaime Sabartes. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1948. 240 pp. $5. Reviewed in *SRL*, Aug. 14.

THE ALDINE SERIES. New York: Continental Book Center. 1948. $2.50 each volume. DEGAS DRAWINGS. Twenty-four color reproductions. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. Twenty-four color reproductions. VAN GOGH. Twenty color reproductions. MATISSE. Twenty color reproductions. Each of these pocket-size volumes has an introduction by a well-known European art authority and a descriptive note for each painting.

THE COLOMBIER SERIES. New York: Continental Book Center. 1948. $3 each volume. MANET. By Maurice Bex. GOYA. By Jean Adhemar. GAUGUIN. By Raymond Cogniat. MEMLING. By Germain Bazin. Each volume contains 110 or more reproductions arranged in chronological order, eight of which are in full color, as well as a biographical and critical sketch.

THE MASTERS IN ART MINIATURES. New York: Crown Publishers. 1948. 59¢ each volume. BOTTICELLI. By André Leclerc. CÉZANNE. By André Leclerc. GOYA. By Henry Dumont. REMBRANDT. By Henry Dumont. DEGAS. By Henry Dumont. EL GRECO. By Henry Dumont. RENOIR. By André Leclerc. VAN GOGH. By André Leclerc. Each volume contains a short preface about the life and work of the artist, eight color and forty black-and-white reproductions. Pocket-size, bound in boards.

YASUO KUNIYOSHI. By Lloyd Goodrich. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 50 pp. $2.50. A biographical and critical study of one of America's leading painters by the associate curator of the Whitney Museum. Thirty-five illustrations.

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE PAINTING: AN INTERPRETATION. By Wolfgang Born. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1948. 241 pp. $7.50. Landscape painting in the United States in the whole range of its development from early European models to the present day. One hundred forty-four page-size illustrations.

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY. By James Thomas Flexner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. $5. An illustrated biography.

Graphic Arts

THE DRAWINGS OF MATHIS GOTHART NITHART CALLED GRUENEWALD. Edited by Guido Schoenberger. New York: H. Bittner & Co. 1948. 64 pp. $12.50. Offers a complete account of all the drawing of this sixteenth-century painter known at this time. A biographical and critical sketch accompanies the thirty-five handsomely reproduced facsimile and nine black-and-white plates.

THE GRAPHIC WORK OF MARY CASSATT. With a catalogue raisonné by Adelyn D. Breskin. New York: H. Bittner & Co. 1948. 88 pp. $30. Through its 232 reproductions on 100 colotype plates, this volume affords the first opportunity of studying the development of Mary Cassatt's style.

A TREASURY OF DRAWINGS FROM PREHISTORY TO PICASSO. By Louis Lozowick. New York: Crown Publishers. 1948. 205 pp. $10. Over 200 full-page plates illustrate all periods from the work of cavemen to the present.

REMBRANDT: SELECTED DRAWINGS. By Otto Benesch. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 254 pp. $7.50. Nearly 300 of Rembrandt's drawings in photogravure. A separate sixty-four-page volume, priced at $3.50, gives a detailed, critical description of each drawing.

DRAWINGS OF EUROPEAN MASTERS: From the Fourteenth to the Eighteenth Century. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. $7.50. Selections from the Albertina Museum in Vienna. Nineteen large facsimile plates, plus nine smaller plates. Introduction by Walter Ueberwasser.

THE BOOK OF FINE PRINTS. By Carl Zigrosser. New York: Crown Publishers. 1948. 464 pp. $5. A comprehensive work covering the history of prints and print-making throughout the world during the past ten centuries. More than 600 reproductions. The author is curator of prints at the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

Architecture

AMERICAN BUILDING: THE FORCES THAT SHAPE IT. By James Marston Fitch. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 395 pp. $5. Reviewed in *SRL*, April 3, 1948.

LE CORBUSIER, ARCHITECT, PAINTER, WRITER. Edited by Stamo Papadaki. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 152 pp. $7.50. Essays by a group of authorities tracing the dominant features of this leading architect's work. More than 180 pictures and plans.

NEW WORLD OF SPACE. By Le Corbusier. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1948. 128 pp. $6. A chronological record of Le Corbusier's painting, architecture, and writings, illustrating his notion that modern art and architecture are essentially special experiences.

ART IN THE EARLY CHURCH. By Walter Lowrie. New York: Pantheon Books. 1947. 439 pp. $6.50. Covers catacombs, frescoes, sarcophagi, church architecture, and Bible illustrations.

Sculpture

AMERICAN SCULPTORS SERIES. Edited by John J. Cunningham. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1948. 54 photographs in each volume. $1.50. MALVINA HOFFMAN. SIDNEY WAUGH. HERBERT HASELTINE. AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS. Each volume contains a brief statement by the sculptor of his credo of art.

RENOIR, SCULPTOR. By Paul Haesaerts. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1948. 43 pp. $6. Photographs of Renoir's bas-reliefs and statues, the product of his last years, with a critical introduction.

THE MEDICI CHAPEL. By Charles de Tolnay. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 1948. Unpaged. $20. Volume three in the author's projected five-volume life of Michelangelo.

L. R. SANDER.
RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Dedicatory Fragment

(for the one)

By Bette Richart

SHOULD I be able at last
To define one thought pure
As a primrose; to strike one note
Perfect and sure;

Should I be enabled at last
By clear note and white flower
To clothe the bare world in dream,
The heart in power;

I could give you then
In default of charming face
Beauty, abstract of despair,
In a stony place.

I could give you then
No tragic and mortal wooing—
The one forever pursued,
And the one pursuing.

But love like a citadel
In a sunny height,
Within whose crystal towers
There bloomed the flower of light.

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CRITIC-AT-LARGE

(*Continued from page 23*)

insight of a man who is, much more than most, at home and at his ease in the family circle of the human race.

This air of being at once alert and at ease in the midst of conflict is enormously attractive in a man. It is even more beguiling in a man who has taken up the task of being an interpreter. In all that John Mason Brown writes one perceives that mixture of ardor and confidence that any leader of action or of thought must have if he expects to hold his audience for long.

John Mason Brown has held his following together through many seasons of good times and bad. As a lecturer he keeps the *femmes fortes* of urban communities from New York to Los Angeles quite firmly under his benign and yet intellectually exacting influence. As essayist he gathers men and women, young and old, in very large numbers into his booth. The reason for his success in both relations is the same: he communicates ideas of genuine importance in a style that is witty and graceful. The atmosphere that he creates in the lecture hall or on the printed page is that of the most informal of salons where attitudes are tossed about adroitly but where, no matter how easy the laughter may be, values are not forgotten but rather strengthened by the mood of good-fellowship.

The essays of "Seing More Things," most of them reprinted from *The Saturday Review of Literature*, take off usually from the consideration of book, play, film, or musical comedy. But the appraisal of the detail of dramatic performance nowadays interests John Mason Brown only incidentally. If there is an idea anywhere about he roots it out, brings it into the open, enlarges its significance with reference to other instances. "The Winslow Boy" reminds him that in our society as well as in that of England there is always a need to fight conscientiously for human rights against the tendency of institutions to ossify into rigid unchallengeability. Charlie Chaplin's film "Monsieur Verdeux" offers for him (and for me) an example of how moral pretentiousness, lacking an honest idea, may trample to death the poignant and meaningful appeal of a once great talent. Steinbeck's novel, "The Wayward Bus," seems to him to be merely a sensational "sex safari." Traveler Brown, crossing country by bus, finds its occupants to be at once more commonplace, more likable, and more reticent than was Mr. Steinbeck's company of passionate pilgrims. He asks the sensible and pointed question: "If realism isn't true, then isn't it trash?"

Mr. Brown is master of the neat phrase. Thinking of the untidiness of his desk and of his inability to throw away any possession, he reaches at last the unapologetic conclusion that he likes "the lint of living." He can be hilariously funny, too. Of the perhaps slightly melodious bray of Ethel Merman he writes: ". . . it is hard to understand how anyone who had not heard Miss Merman could have invented the calliope."

This, I think, is the thing that makes John Mason Brown's work distinguished. He is doing more than any other man of our time and in our world to keep the informal essay alive. Brother to Lamb and to Hazlitt, he has managed to reclaim, in a day that that does more running than reading, a large measure of popularity for a genial and urbane style in the communication of liberal ideas.

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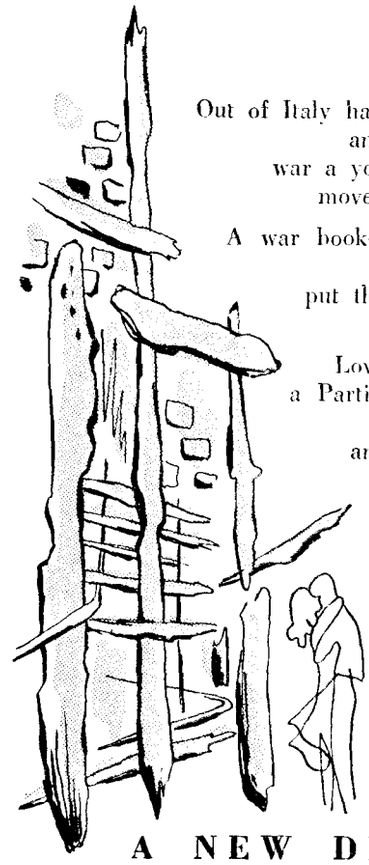
The Sky is Red

Giuseppe Berto



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A NEW DIRECTIONS BOOK

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Seeing Things

THE LONG SHADOW

"I DON'T like God any more and I don't believe in Him," said Henry, my older son's friend. "Why should I, now that He has done this to my father?"

The two eleven-year-olds were perched on the parish house steps of a church in the neighborhood. Although they had encircled the block, their skating that afternoon had had no joy in it. Henry's father, in his early forties, brilliant in his profession, good, adored, and seemingly in the best of health, had died suddenly of a heart attack the previous week. To Henry his going meant desolation. The keystone had been snatched from the arch. Overnight the whole pattern of his present and future had been altered. His life, hitherto so secure and buttressed in its planning and affections, had been disrupted. Nothing would or could ever be quite the same.

To my son this abrupt falling of the shadow had also been dislocating. He had loved Henry's father and known him as long as he had known Henry, which was since the two of them met, when four, in the playschool of this very parish house. Indeed, he had spent the weekend in the country with Henry and his parents just before Henry's father died.

Before and after the funeral (their first), the two boys had often been together. My son had at the outset drawn back from seeing Henry. He had not done so because he did not wish to see him but because he was shy in the presence of death. It had both perplexed and wounded him. What could he say to Henry and Henry's mother? Would Henry be changed? Wasn't he bound to be? The new emotions, the new fears my son felt were ones for which he could find no words. My wife and I could only guess at what was in his mind. We had one hint when he came to me asking, of all things, for a signed photograph. Why? Because Henry had one of his father.

Death had never struck so close to my son before. It had hit our friends, his mother's and mine, all too often. He knew this. He had seen me at countless breakfasts with the morning paper. He had noted the speed with which I turned, as one does instinctively when the years accumulate, from the first page headlines to the obituary columns. "Think of it," he and his younger brother had heard me say over coffee time after time, as a poor salute to a morning, "think of it, So-and-so is dead." Yet, somehow and rightly, he had still believed his young friends were different. They enjoyed youth's immunity.

Our friends—well, they were grown-ups. How old grown-ups are, children do not bother to determine. Time is one of the many things about which they are privileged to be hazy. To them all older people seem old. More

accurately, antique. As my younger son once put it to me at breakfast somewhat disconcertingly, when he was five and I was feeling very strong, "Say, Dad, were you around when Nebuchadnezzar was here?"

More than being new to my older boy, death was something he had never quite believed in until Henry's loss. He had followed its devastation in endless pictures of the war and in newspaper and magazine photographs of post-war accidents or murders. He had delighted in shootings in movie after movie. With his brother he had raced ahead of me at the Metropolitan to enjoy a longer view of a huddled mummy. Nonetheless, like most of us until we are bludgeoned into knowing better, he had clung to the hope that death was not really lasting. In spite of his normal fascination with horror pictures of bodies, pale or bloodstained, clutching the earth, he had been reasonably certain that even the unfortunates so shown would be able, once the picture was snapped, to get up, as he had seen Maurice Evans do in "Hamlet" or José Ferrer in "Cyrano," and take a curtain call, as healthy as before.

The death of Henry's father, however, was another matter. It was near and impoverishing and permanent. It was a fact from which there was no escape. If my son sensed this, the realization of it inundated Henry. His grief was mixed with anger. He could not understand the reason or the justice of what had happened. He had said little and cried less since his father died. Perhaps he would have remained quiet now, had he not found himself with my son on the steps of that very parish house in which they had been taught God's benevolence in a Sunday school world.

MOST of us, as the decades pile up, find ourselves, at moments and for the same reasons, outraged to the point of defiance, in Henry's manner. The pattern of our believing suddenly appears to have little relationship to the realities of our living. The ministers tell us in this way our faith is tested. With age, of course, our protest subsides. It ebbs not because we have grown less aware of what has provoked it but because we have become more conscious of the futility of protesting at all. "That's life," we say, meaning among other things, "How strange are the ways of death." It is hard for us, as adults, to comprehend why so frequently the good and the needed are stricken while the bad or the useless thrive, or why what we would like to believe is part of a great design seems so often mere hit-or-miss driving. Such comprehension must be impossible for children.

Long before death has broken into their lives, however, the young have been prepared for its coming in lesser ways. Change—any change—is for them not only a hint of death but a form of dying. The happier they are, the truer this is. They want the minutes dunked in fixative. They want their afternoons of play to remain as week-time long as they seem to be to those not yet in their teens. They want their summers to continue to be blissful intervals when calendars go on vacations. They want the same friends to be with them always and the same people, whose living and loving they take for granted, to preside over their worlds. Part of their youth is that they still believe what is will be, now and forever more.

They cannot bear replacements, and feel terror at the thought of anything which may seriously alter the structure of their living and their caring. The psychologists recognize the need of stilling these fears. They speak of "security." And loving parents labor

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to create a sense of that security in a world they know to be insecure and in which the only unchanging thing is change. Yet that security, so necessary, so consoling, and so fortifying, is imperiled—wisely, indeed providentially, considering what lies ahead—from the outset by minor encroachments which to the child are large, since they warn him that nothing is deathless.

Fathers and mothers cannot avoid noting the transitional moments in the development of their young. Their hearts tell them if their minds fail to. The first faltering steps do not stop with the playpen. These only lead to a long succession of firsts, equally significant. Among them count the first trudging off to school alone and the brave smile but hesitant wave of farewell at the corner; the first trip downtown by himself; the first departure for camp; the first letter written home to hide loneliness, yet full of the pride of being on one's own; the first overnight visit with a friend—his friend, not the family's—hence a proof already of an independent life; the first theme written without consulting the parents on a topic about which they know nothing; the first manifestation of a determined interest, however short-lived, in a subject of his own finding; the first little girl whose name, by being mentioned, provokes a simper—all these are among the milestones of emergence. Although they may touch us, they please us more than they move us. They are the welcome, healthy signs of growth; of that change which is bound to come and which it is our business to encourage.

For children, however, this normal progress is not unattended by its own special sorrows. Take the leaving of a nurse, for example. The moment will come when children no longer need a nurse; when for their own sakes they must not have one. Disguise it as you will; cover it by any number of made-up explanations; pretend, with her conniving in order to avoid the actual farewell, that she has been called away to her sister's for a while—that readjustment is a wounding one. The kind of nurse some of us have been fortunate enough to have is more than part of a family. She is another parent, yet she is denied a parent's claims. She squanders her love on what is bound to be a losing investment. Even so, that short-term investment declares its dividends, as she would know if only she could realize the number of times she is named and missed each day, or see how happy is the household on those mornings when a letter from her arrives or she telephones. She remains after she is gone, and to

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those she has brought up her going represents a kind of death.

Jubilantly liberating as is the last day of school, it too can hold its sorrows. There are teachers *and* teachers. Some are such poison that escaping from their classrooms is pure joy. There are others, however, that one hates to lose. We have all had them in our time and seen our children when they also were so privileged. The teacher I have in mind was of this superior kind. My wife and I had known this all year. He liked her. All the little boys in her class liked her. They always had. They always will. Hers was that patience and that selflessness essential in her profession. Gentleness was her weapon of command. Leaving her was no easy matter. Her room, that warm June day, was banked with tiny pots of geraniums bought from saved pennies and toted in hot hands to be placed on her desk. He and they carried it off casually enough in public. It was only when he had come home, rushed to his own room, slammed the door, and thrown himself down on his bed that I knew how deep was his distress.

These separations, unendurable as they must seem at the time, are masked blessings. For children they represent a gradual initiation into the ultimate reality which, sooner or later, will confront them. *Partir, c'est mourir un peu.* Although adults have long since learned the truth of this, the young discover it with pain.

Since the death of Henry's father the shadow has edged still closer for my boys. An uncle, to them a grandfather, has died. Until this year when he was ill, they had spent all or part of every summer with him since their birth. They could not imagine life without him. In the winter months he was always on their tongues. They knew he had not been well, but when I telephoned they still could not believe in his death. They were at lunch with their mother.

"He can't be dead," said the older boy, looking straight out of the window.

"Why?" asked his mother.

"There's not a cloud in the sky."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, don't you remember how every summer in the garden when you'd say how tall the rosebushes had grown, he'd say, 'They'll grow more and more. They'll grow so high.' Then he would smile and chuckle, 'But I won't be here to see them. I'll be up there on a cloud looking down on you all here'."

The week end we spent with our aunt afterwards was not, as we thought about it in advance, easy for her or for us. We did not know how

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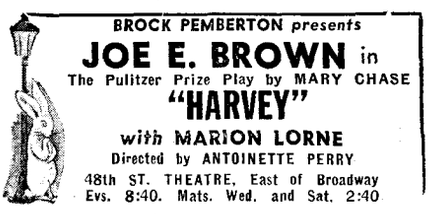
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the boys would feel in a house so filled with memories. But they saw him, as we saw him, at every turn, in every room. At the table, in the garden, in his study, by the front door, in his car.

Once, when going over some of his papers, I happened to sink down without thinking about it into his chair. At that moment my younger son, just back from the beach, his hair dripping and a wet towel around his shoulders, burst into the room. He took one horrified look at me. Then, his black eyes flashing and anger in his voice, he said, "Daddy, how dare you sit in his chair!"

In other words, though my sons had felt death's dismembering power, they had learned that memories have a life of their own.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

"AN APOLOGY FOR LIVING"

(*Continued from page* 12)

to build up your self-respect all over again. It is not easy to rebuild. But you add new bricks to the building each day. That is how, little by little, the man remakes himself.

"I have a wife now. We met here at Bad Nauheim two years ago. Her husband had been in concentration camp, too, and died only two months after the end of the war. And we have a baby, a little girl. She will have her first birthday next month, and we will have a little party. My wife has already arranged for the cake and for children from the neighborhood to come over. When life grows around you, it is a lot easier to forget. It is a lot easier when you can grow with the young ones.

"So when I say there is a third Dr. Lomask, I mean new life is growing around me and in me."

I asked Dr. Lomask whether he thought the other D.P.'s at Bad Nauheim—or, for that matter, D.P.'s throughout Germany—were similarly able to create new life in and around themselves, or whether they were living out the fierce nihilism of the concentration camps.

"I am not sure," he said, "but I think maybe I have been lucky because I am a doctor. You see, a man wants to feel he is needed in the world. He wants people to come to him and say, 'Please help me, I am in trouble. I need your advice,' or 'You can do this so very well, won't you give me a hand?' And it is good medicine. Wounds of the mind need medicine like that.

"But many people here are without important work to do and without families to give them a feeling—what would we call it?—a feeling that they have an intimate responsibility. These are the people who still carry the open wounds. These are the ones who still live under the shadow of the concentration camps.

"These are the unlucky ones, the cursed ones. They have nothing to hold on to, nothing to live for, and they still haven't been able to throw off the moral emptiness of their lives in the concentration camps.

"They say that the D.P. camps are the center of the black market in Germany. It is not true. But it is true that there is much black market among D.P.'s of the type I just described. It is important we understand why it is, for until these people have something to live for, many of them will act as they were taught to act at the concentration camps, like scavengers. The American military understands. It would be easy for them to condemn all D.P.'s as black-market operators. But the American military understands that not all D.P.'s are in it, and the surprise is not that there is so much black marketeering but that there is so little, considering what the situation is. I am not excusing them, only trying to tell you why it is.

"And remember that the black market is not really the black market but the open market where goods are bought and sold according to the law of supply and demand. So long as some things are scarce, like cigarettes and soap and coffee, people will try to get what they can for them."

As we walked, I observed a group of D.P.'s. Most of them were young persons. The girls were neatly and brightly dressed in their short, pre-New-Look dresses; most of them wore lipstick and had their hair attractively arranged. Most of the young men wore American-looking suits and freshly laundered, though somewhat frayed, shirts. I remember thinking that the entire group, just as it was, could be set down in a large American city, say New York or Chicago or Detroit, without anything about them that might indicate they were different in any way.

Dr. Lomask explained that today was the Sabbath, when whatever finery an individual possessed was donned with great pride.

"Some people, though, dress better than the others all during the week," he said. "They have been able, even without the black market, to buy clothes and other things they need. They have been able to recover some of their old belongings or valuables, or they have friends in other countries who are helping them. Some of my friends are able to hire German girls from the neighborhood to help with the cooking and to take care of the children. Some have been able to buy bicycles.

"But, in a little while, I will take you with me to some of the houses where people live who have nothing at all—where the only clothes they wear are just about the only ones they own. They live miserable lives. I know it is hard for outsiders to understand that something of the same range of personal circumstances exists here that exists in the outside world. This doesn't mean that the range is all the way from millionaires to paupers. Anyone here who can put his hands on the equivalent of twenty-five dollars a week is considered to be very wealthy indeed."

Dr. Lomask went on to say that there were similar differences with respect to general background, cultural attainments, education, politics, and religion. Some D.P.'s were "modern" in their outlook, well-educated, and actively interested in ideas, books, music, art, the ballet. Others were barely beyond basic literacy. Some were rigidly orthodox in their religion, spending much of their day in religious study and prayer, and observing religious customs and costumes going back hundreds of years in Central Europe. Others believed in a reformed church, still others were pantheists or deists, and so on.

"When you have human beings,

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whether they are D.P.'s or anyone else, you will have differences," he said.

There was something else I was anxious to find out. How did Dr. Lomask—how did all the others—feel about the Germans? How did they feel, living among their former tormentors? Were they resentful, embittered?

"It is hard to talk for everyone, so I talk for my wife and myself. Maybe you think it strange, but things that happened at the concentration camp now seem to us very far away, and if you don't try to remember too hard it is easier to forget. And it is better that way. Why should we feel bitterness? It is an acid which burns only on the inside. It was an evil thing that attacked us, but it is an evil thing that could happen anywhere, not only in Germany. For it is not the people but the evil that can be planted in them. Sometimes I wonder, who were the most guilty—those who did the evil with their hands or those who could have stopped the evil early enough but who stood by and let it happen?"

I was thinking as he spoke about a conversation I had had a few days earlier with a German laboratory technician who told me that during the war he worked with a blood-plasma unit. About one year before the end of the war there was a mixup; some directives had been placed in the wrong envelopes accompanying a large supply of blood shipped to the laboratory for processing. These directives revealed that the blood had been obtained through forced blood-letting of concentration-camp victims. A report had been included with the directives, telling of the "blood-culture" experiments in which people were kept and cultivated for their blood, which would be drained off at regular intervals. But the needs for blood were stepped up tremendously as the result of heavy fighting in Russia, North Africa, and France, and towards the end desperate measures had to be taken. The directive said that there was to be an intensification of the drive against those suspected of political irregularities in Germany. These people were to be picked up and shipped immediately to certain centers, there to be bled to death, for there was a drastic shortage that had to be met. The directive said that more Poles and Balts were needed for the same purpose.

I thought of all this as Dr. Lomask spoke of his feelings towards the Germans, and I admired him tremendously, for I asked myself whether I would have been capable of the same gift of inspired forgiveness, and I was not sure of the answer. But Dr. Lomask had thought and felt it all through for himself, and there was no hesitation as he spoke.

"I have visited Frankfurt several times," he said. "I have looked at the skeletons of houses and at the rubble which covers so many thousands of bodies. It will take one hundred years to rebuild the large cities. If I had the power to punish, would I do more than has already been done? Would I do as much? I don't know. I know only that there is much hunger and homelessness, and it will even get worse. Whether that suffering is enough, I cannot say. But I think rather it is important that the things that created the evil should not be allowed to happen again—in Germany or anywhere else."

Then, looking squarely at me: "Herein this city, there is very little trouble with religious prejudice. But tell me," he said, "I am worried about America. I am told that prejudice is growing in the United States very fast. What can be done?"

I WAS unprepared for the question but I tried to answer it as honestly as I could by telling him that the fight against prejudice in the United States had been going on for a long time, and that periods of depression or insecurity, or war fears—such as we were now going through—made the fight both harder and more necessary, but that there were many people you could count on to see the fight through to the end.

We turned into Frankfurter Street, where most of the large houses for D.P.'s were located. These houses were indistinguishable from the others on the street, except for the small clusters of people around them and the occasional painted signs over the entrances. Dr. Lomask suggested that I inspect some of the houses. From the outside they looked every bit as substantial and impressive as some of the old, medium-sized Fifth Avenue mansions. But the moment you entered the front door, you knew you

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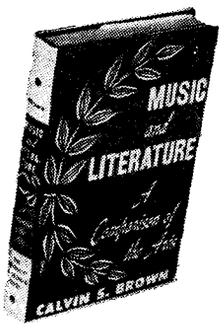
By CALVIN S. BROWN



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were in something more nearly resembling a tenement. This impression was the inevitable result of the overcrowding. Some seventy or eighty persons were squeezed into a house originally designed for a family of perhaps eight or ten, including servants. Each of the rooms had been converted into an apartment; like Hanau, it had to serve as a combination kitchen, bedroom, living room, and dining room.

It was in one such room that I met Brisca. Dr. Lomask had stayed behind on the second floor to talk to some people and had suggested that I continue my explorations upstairs. He had told me not to bother to knock, for the tenants on the third floor had left for a picnic outside Bad Nauheim.

Meeting Brisca that day was one of the highlights of my trip. She was about the size and coloration of one of my own daughters and succeeded in giving me one of the worst cases of homesickness known to man.

She was thin and small for her age,

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
KISS YOUR ELBOW *Alan Handley* (McKay: $2)	Letter-spike skewering of N. Y. actors' agent (fem.) discovered by jobless young Thespian who promptly grabs himself several pecks of trouble.	Much dashing around Manhattan from one apt. to another, garish galaxy of characters, brittle chatter, and tragic pay-off that doesn't convince.	Fairly frantic
VOICE OUT OF DARKNESS *Ursula Curtiss* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Long-past death suspicion still haunts young Connecticut girl. Current slaying involves her, too. But Lieut. Hooper solves everything handsomely.	Suspenseful, credible, slightly over-emotional, and competently plotted tale of long-range and on-the-spot villainy—worth its "Red Badge" prize.	Good!
THE BAITED BLONDE *Robinson MacLean* (Mill: $2.50)	Trail of much-wanted scientific formula takes Intelligence operative to postwar Djibouti, where international gang-ructions disturb him constantly.	Something new, fresh, and exciting in intrigue-espionage yarns—due mainly to choicest horde of unprincipled people recently gathered between bindings.	Speedy thriller
THE LOCK AND THE KEY *Frank Gruber* (Rinehart: $2)	Calif. expert on locks and keys attracts attention of super-powered criminals who use him in murderous big-money job.	Customary detailed Gruber-dope on topics law-abiding reader had better left untried, considerable bloodshed, and extra-angled ending.	Good grade Gruber
BAIT FOR MURDER *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2)	Stabbing of literary blackleg on boat off Penberthy Island gives local sleuth Macomber and lady mystery writer case to try their wits.	Swordfishing fleet background provides as many thrills as adequately sinuous murder plot. Macomber is pleasantly taciturn and mystery gal amiably garrulous.	Nice going!
HALO FOR SATAN *John Evans* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.50)	Clerical client sets private detective Paul Pine on search for vanished possessor of incredible manuscript, with results both murderous and startling.	Accepting rather unusual premise for "tough guy" mystery this one has rough stuff galore, snapping Mid-West atmosphere and surprise finish.	Lurid and lively
THE CASE OF WILLIAM SMITH *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Sundry attempts on life of amnesic war-vet interest Scotland Yarder Abbott and his mentor Miss Silver. They work together admirably.	Placidly diabolic English rural scene, ample violence, satisfactory Silver shrewdness and outcome which ties up everything neatly, including Miss Silver's knitting.	Commendable
AND BE A VILLAIN *Rex Stout* (Viking: $2.50)	Poisoning, in radio studio, of beverage maker's guest, provides action and needed funds for Nero Wolfe and Archie Goodwin.	Nero "takes crazy dive into two-foot tank" and snares blackmail killer in hurricane off-stage finish of major adventure.	Better-grade Wolfe

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I thought, but fairly healthy. Certainly there was nothing wrong with her grip as she took me by the hand and showed me the rest of the house. But I wondered how it was that Brisca was not off on the Sunday picnic with the others.

She explained that she had two things to do and decided that it might be easier to do them with everyone away. One was to braid her hair; her mother had taught her how to do it regularly when she was two years old; that was five years ago at Buchenwald, one year before her mother died. Another thing Brisca had to do that day, she said, was to write a letter to a little Polish boy at Zeilsheim.

"Joseph is eight years old," Brisca said. "I met him a long, long time ago. Poor, poor Joseph. He doesn't know who his mother was or who his father was. No one knows. He was here one year ago, and Mr. Libsten said he found Joseph at Belsen. Another boy sixteen years old was taking care of Joseph, but that boy didn't know who Joseph was, and no one could tell because the Nazis forgot to tattoo the number on his arm. But Mr. Libsten was very old, and he had friends in Zeilsheim, and they said they would take very good care of Joseph, and that is where he is now. So I write to Joseph in Polish. And I tell him how much I want to see him again and how much I like him and what all the boys and girls here are doing and how is he feeling and I tell him I will be going soon to see him in Zeilsheim."

Brisca's most treasured possession, I later learned from Dr. Lomask, was her memory of her parents. She was all of three when she lost them, but she remembered things her mother taught her, and she remembered that her father would play on the floor with her. She would often talk about her parents with her aunt and uncle, with whom she now lived. And she felt a sense of personal responsibility towards Joseph because he had no memory of his parents, nor did he know anything about them; indeed, he had no way of finding out who he himself was. At least, as Brisca said, she had tattoo marks to prove who she was. Thus, by a hideous irony, the indelible label of a concentration camp became the badge of belonging to the human race, while unmarred flesh was not regarded as the sign of a free man but as a mark of the disinherited and the anonymous.

When Brisca and I went downstairs to meet Dr. Lomask, we saw that he was still occupied and decided to go off by ourselves. We first visited the public dining room, where one meal a day was served (the other meals are prepared by the D.P.'s in their own rooms with food distributed on a ration plan). Brisca said she had bread and cereal and sometimes warm milk for breakfast; soup and bread for lunch, and soup again for supper—sometimes with a spoonful of meat

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. James. 2. Daniel. 3. Sidney. 4. Herbert. 5. Ludwig. 6. Bellamy. 7. Joyce. 8. Arnold. 9. Sinclair. 10. James. 11. Lewis. 12. Evelyn. 13. Robinson. 14. Heywood. 15. Matthew. 16. Hervey. 17. Franklin. 18. Lowell. 19. St. John. 20. Russell. 21. Dante. 22. Percy. 23. Erskine. 24. Frank. 25. Conrad. 26. Gilbert. 27. Howard. 28. Bennett. 29. Ford. 30. Owen. 31. Alexander. 32. Lee. 33. Ross. 34. Maxwell. 35. Morley. 36. Taylor. 37. Morris. 38. Phillips. 39. Henry. 40. Fletcher.

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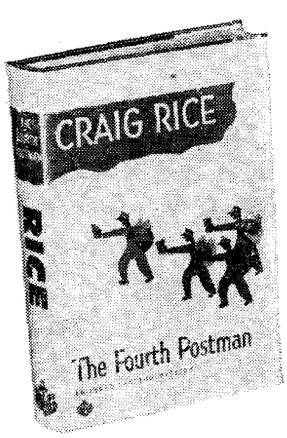

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in it--and potatoes and sometimes another vegetable.

A woman who happened to be in the dining room at the time said that the food had been much better until only a few months ago but had fallen off so badly that it was now the chief source of complaint among the D.P.'s in Bad Nauheim. I asked her how the food compared with what was available to the Germans, and she said that the general feeling was that it had perhaps been superior until recently but that now it was a good deal worse.

We went outside. I told Brisca that my briefcase was full of American chocolate candy bars and chewing gum for her friends. (Brisca knew how to translate chewing gum into all four languages.) We walked down Frankfurter Street, and it was no time at all before my bag was empty. I was warmed by the children's delight but embarrassed by their excessive gratitude as they danced around to get their candy. They seemed healthy, though not robust or sparkling. I was surprised to learn that many of them were actually two to four years older than their size made them appear.

On the way back to say goodbye to Dr. Lomask, Brisca asked me about my own three children and their friends in America and what they did and what their school was like and what they wore and about their toys and whether they had circuses and carnivals like the ones that sometimes came to or near Bad Nauheim. Then:

"What is America like? Is it a large place?"

I told her it was a very large place, so large that many countries could fit inside it—Poland and Germany and France and Austria and Czechoslovakia and Great Britain. I told her that there were farms in America almost as large as the entire city of Bad Neuheim and that you could travel for hours and hours and see nothing but rich wheat growing in the fields. I told her about the large cities and the small villages.

"I think I would like to go to America," she announced. "Will you take me? Will you take my aunt and uncle and their little children?"

What could I say? How should I have answered Brisca? Should I have told her that it was a large country but not large enough, some people said, to take her and her aunt and uncle and two cousins, not large enough for her friends or the other people whom she had known during and after the war? Should I have told her that the people who didn't think it was large enough were the people who made the laws? But then, how would I have explained to her that the men who made the laws decided to allow some displaced persons to come to this country but that there was something in the law that ruled her and her family and friends out because they came from certain sections of Europe and because they had a certain religious background? Could I have explained to her what technicalities were or meant and why they were more important than friendship, more important than understanding, more important than the right things that had to be done?

"Don't you want to talk to me any more?" she asked. "You haven't answered me."

I answered her as best I could. I told her that the war had made things very difficult and very complicated all over the world and that it might take some more time before enough people could get over their fears and hates and understand how much they needed each other. I told her that I didn't know how long it would be before it would be different but that there were many Americans who were trying very hard to help her. I told her I would ask my government if I could bring her and her uncle and aunt and cousins to live with us.

I think she understood.

* * *

On the way back to Frankfurt that afternoon, I knew a sadness heavier than I had felt for many years. I suppose it was because little Brisca looked so much like my own little girl and because I knew that the monstrous disease that had happened before to cause this misery could happen again and that there was not yet in being in the world the mobilization of sanity at least as large as the growing shape of war.

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Of Dorothy Wordsworth

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WHAT in this place would please
Her? How can I tell,
Of the felicities,
What sky of mine would please
Her, what leaf excel?

How can I tell—
Small lizard in the sun
And the persimmon trees—
Of the discoveries,
Which one?

Which one?
Mockingbirds in the pine,
Profundities
Like Judas, muscadine,
Mimosa, hers or mine,

Any of these.

The Poet Gay

POET, take the poet Gay:
Lighthearted, fat,
Beloved of Pope, beloved of Swift,
So genial that
His way of humming at his rimes
(Poet, take note)
Lent a sweet tunefulness at times
The words he wrote.
Beguiler of the coffee house
Way Gay, a wit,
"Life is a jest" his epitaph
That never fit
Dark, clouded Swift. Poor Pope could say
Nothing like Gay.

De Quincey Wept

DE QUINCEY wept
And went on reading.
Which way he stepped,
De Quincey wept.
Books, *books*, BOOKS kept
Insanely breeding.
De Quincey wept,
And went on reading.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING: Recording Technique	ENGINEERING: Surface	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS			
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, CONCERTO FOR OBOE AND STRINGS. Mitchell Miller, Saidenberg Little Symph. Saidenberg. Mercury DM 7 (3)	Big, broad, one-mike pickup, wide range; small orch. in middle of large, live studio, mike at considerable distance. Gives live, well-blended effect, good for music, better for oboe.	A—	Composed during World War II, this is concentrated, mature, conservative music, beautifully written, atmospheric, in V.W.'s familiar neo-modal vein, but here better integrated into personal style. Miller performance of lush oboe part is incredibly smooth.
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, MASS IN G MINOR (1923). Fleet Street Choir, T. B. Lawrence. Decca London EDA 57 (3)	An instance where wide range is superfluous—reserved, covered tone of much of this singing contains few highs, leaving little for ffrr to work on. Fine acoustics. Level often very low.	A to A—	A severe but inspired formal work for unaccompanied chorus, solo groups, boy soprano. Accurately sung in instrumental English manner, with great expression. This music is archiac, severely contrapuntal, freely modal, invokes Josquin, early English church music.
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, FANTASIA ON THEME BY THOMAS TALLIS (1910). Minneapolis Symphony Orch., Mitropoulos. Columbia MX 300 (2)	Wide range, sharp, steely, on dead side. Instrumental details very clear: better less so for this atmospheric music, though technically it's nice to hear what's going on so minutely.	A	This popular work is early example of V. W.'s interest in archaic feeling, modality. But here it is more forced, artificial, less a personal, organic style. Mitropoulos is bit overdramatic for proper British reserve! Some inaccuracies.
ONE-COMPOSER SONG ALBUMS			
DE FALLA, SEVEN POPULAR SPANISH SONGS. Carmen Torres, sop.; John Newmark, piano. RCA Victor DM 1223 (2)	Fine piano. Singer varies from very weak (she sings low volume) to overloud with tendency to blast. She could use more mike training, evidently.	A	Unusually interesting album. Powerful, exotic Spanish-oriental songs, suggest recent "Amor Brujo" recordings, though these are folk songs. Torres has young, flexible voice, "white" in color but expert in Spanish ornamentation. Complex, meaty Falla accpts. a delight.
SCHUMANN, LIEDERKREIS, Op. 39. Helen Traubel; Coenraad Bos, piano. Columbia MM 752 (5 10")	Fine vocal recording—but piano preposterously overbalanced, weak, and tinny—power of a big name! Col. should keep its engineering head, refuse to be thus overawed.	A—	Traubel returns to Schumann, as in her earliest recording. Earnest, accurate singing, more efficiently expressive than her earlier work, still tonally a bit monotonous, heavy.
JENNIE TOUREL SINGS OFFENBACH. Tourel; orch. cond. Abravanel. Columbia MX 299 (2 10")	Tourel is rather close, but volume balance is good. She sings both parts in "Barcarolle" via dubbing.	A	The more heavily sentimental Offenbach arias, not as attractive as lightweight froth in familiar ballet music. T. doesn't lighten it either, except in charming "Quel Diner."

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

Who Will Pay?

EVERY evening in America there are many thousands of families who switch off their radio and television sets, pull down the shades, and settle themselves to an evening of entertainment via the 16mm. film. The world is at their command. They can travel to its farthest corners, get a ringside seat at its amusements, watch its battles, see its political issues taking shape—and all at very little more cost than that of their phonograph library or their visits to the neighborhood movie theatre.

But there's the rub. These films which they enjoy at a dollar or two a reel cost ten or fifteen thousand dollars a reel to produce, a sum of money which can never be recovered on rentals and sales. How, then, do these films ever come to be made? Who goes into a business that is bound to lose him money?

The answer is the sponsored film, the film which is subsidized by some private company or institution to sell its goods (anything from the Rocky Mountains to a new dishwasher), or put over some new policy or idea. And thus the film of ideas comes to be largely dependent on whether it can finance itself on a big scale—for it will cost around a thousand dollars to put each minute's worth of your ideas on the screen. If, then, the film of ideas is to make its way in the world, sponsorship must be good in quality and there must be plenty of it.

The simplest type of sponsored film advertises a product, demonstrates a process, or sets out to prove the industrial superiority of a region. Films of this kind are apt to be short on ideas, and thus (though a perfectly legitimate kind of film-making) they fall outside the scope of this section. Next along the scale is the film which tries to strike a balance between promotion and the public interest. A life insurance company knows that films about medical care will help to increase life expectancy and thus also its own profits; a baking company decides to tell the story of wheat through the ages; an oil or transportation company seeks to popularize travel. As he looks at the script, however, the sponsor feels that a simple statement of his case is inadequate. He doesn't get enough out of it. He pencils a new set of instructions, and the film thereupon sprouts gasoline pumps or bottles of patent medicine or packets of cereal. When the film is shown, the audience does not know whether to take seriously the policy the sponsor is advocating—or only his commercial products.

A glaring example is Eastern Airline's new film "Air Power Is Peace Power," starring Captain Eddie Rickenbacker. The gallant captain sets out to editorialize on his favorite topic—the need for more jet planes, better atom bombs, bigger Government subsidies to industry (but more private enterprise also), and a tougher attitude to a certain unspecified country way down over the horizon on his fancy circular maps. But no sooner is the captain well launched than he starts to wander off his course. He advertises the merits of his own Eastern Air Lines, he tells how the improved Lockheed Constellation is the safest airliner in the world, and then rather lamely he praises every other plane manufacturer in the country. And thus, while he has his audience looking in all directions at once, Captain Rickenbacker loses sight of the target he set out so energetically to dive-bomb.

If the sponsor wishes to say something about the world around him, let him therefore say it in all honesty without parading his wares. He has decided, perhaps, to make something rather more ambitious than a product film, and try to satisfy a public need. He must then find a link between his own commercial aims and the public interest, which should still allow him an ample choice of subject. Take General Mills's recent picture "The School That Learned to Eat." The sponsor knew well that whatever increases the nation's food consumption and improves its quality will help him too. And therefore in this excellent film he is content to tell the story of the school in East Griffin, Ga., that put its dietary house in order—leaving the audience to come to its own conclusions. By sharing credit with the University of Georgia, the commercial sponsor has gained a reputation for impartiality and a stamp of authority which will stand him in good stead in educational circles. And by sticking to a simple and definite theme, he has steered clear of the quicksands of editorial bias.

NOT all sponsors have been so successful. The Ford Motor Company, in a series of ambitious films to be reviewed shortly, has painted a picture of America in terms of its predominantly rural past—ignoring the urban problems of today, which call for a much deeper understanding of American life than these sentimental appraisals can give. The Ford films point up a danger which is not always recognized. The film of ideas has made so little headway in Hollywood that on its rare appearance on the movie screen it tends to be accepted as a voice of unusual authority. And thus the sponsor has a particular responsibility to state his case fairly and argue it well.

Granted, then, that this basic connection between the sponsor's interest and the public's interest is squarely established, the field of film sponsorship has still scarcely begun to be explored. Corporations which spend many millions of dollars every year on radio and press advertising will not spend a cent on information films, though many subjects in which they have a direct interest—such as health, housing, welfare, the sciences, and arts—lie neglected. There will never be more than a few corporations to sponsor an enduring masterpiece such as Robert Flaherty's "Louisiana Story," *mentioned elsewhere in this section.* But there are many which can earn lasting rewards and gain permanent benefits in good will by setting their hands to the film subjects in which as companies they are already discharging a public service.

RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE,
Editor, IDEAS ON FILM.

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16mm. *Within the next two or three years, the 16mm. film user is going to have available a much greater range of films picturing the vital topics of the day. How these may reach the screens through sponsorship by commercial firms is the subject of this article by Mary Losey, author of a recent report for the Sugar Foundation on areas of profitable 16mm. production.*

More Seeing, Less Selling

IT is the most frightening fact of our time that scientific discovery has so far outrun understanding and social organization that the very progress it brings threatens the total destruction of humanity. Every now and then a new dramatic development brings us up short before the fearful realization that we are daily creating the alternative possibilities of a brave new life or a final and hideous finish to it. all.

In this medium of the motion picture we have one such invention. Film is a technique for the communication of ideas. I do not include here the Hollywood film which by choice and necessity has eliminated itself from the discussion of ideas. (It is concerned with marijuana—in one form or another.)

But the documentary film; that is, the film which is intended to say something to somebody for some reason and not necessarily just to earn a direct monetary return, *is* concerned with ideas. And it will depend to some considerable extent upon what ideas it deals with and how it deals with them whether or not documentary film serves the purposes of human survival and human progress.

A few generations ago the visual arts were practised by individual artists who observed the elements of their world to select and make meaningful what they saw for the enrichment and pleasure of their fellow men. Frequently the artist was sponsored and the freedom to ponder and create works of art was bestowed upon him by enlightened individuals who could see the society around them but who were unable to give it meaning and interpretation. But Maecenas is obsolete. For all we invoke the freedom of the individual, nothing is created—poetry and painting aside—but through the combined and corporate and cooperative efforts of many members of society. It is therefore to the great industrial enterprises, to governments, and public institutions and private endowments that one looks for sponsorship of the films that may in the years to come light the distance between know-how and understanding which now lies so darkly before us.

In the accompanying editorial it is indicated that Roberty J. Flaherty, an intemperate believer in the powers of the motion-picture camera to observe the real world, has shown the way once again to enlightened sponsorship of documentary films. It was nearly thirty years ago that Flaherty first persuaded the Revillon Frères, famous French furriers, that they could well afford to invest in what has since come to be regarded as the first documentary film. The result of that persuasion was a film known to most film-goers of the last generation, and currently being shown again in Europe and England and the North and South American theatres, as "Nanook of the North." But it is not the revival of "Nanook" that proves the point of what enlightened sponsorship can do to support fine films and at the same time give honor and prestige to the sponsor. It is the fact that Flaherty's most recent film "Louisiana Story," about to be released to audiences in the U. S. and abroad, is sponsored by one of the most colossal of all industrial empires, Standard Oil of New Jersey. And again, and this time in the face of all the customary press agentry and selling now common to sponsored films, he has produced a poetic vision and lasting human document which will bring pleasure and understanding to audiences for years to come. This time the sponsor has gone so far as to forego even the customary credits on the film and seems satisfied to allow the film and the film maker to deal in their own way and on their own terms with the basic story of the impact of a vital modern industry upon a simple and even backward people. Many will ask, "What does it do for the sponsor?" Well, it doesn't tell you to buy oil, or use more oil, or that oil will win the war, or save the peace, or that industry will grind to a screeching stop without oil, or that this is the oil age. No; it simply says there is a technology involved in getting oil from the earth, particularly oil from beneath the waters of a swampy Louisiana bayou. It says it is not easy and that the men who do it are hard-working, intelligent, industrial craftsmen, decent and productive. It makes you wish the men in this particular derrick could do their job with less trouble, and it shows how a small boy, whose only previous contact with modern technology has been his rusty rifle and an occasional glimpse of a motor boat passing his father's shack,

"Louisiana Story" . . . "another kind of life beyond his bayou."

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learns that there is another kind of life beyond his bayou which is a wonderland in itself. It blessedly leaves the audience to decide whether the commodity oil is of any importance whatsoever.

We in the United States, however, have yet to find a single instance of a planned and sustained sponsorship on long-term public-information lines. There are, however, many chinks in the wall. Perhaps the insurance companies lead in their sponsorship of films on health and safety and, perhaps, their interest in human longevity is the secret to their vision. But cold-blooded as it may be, the point is that sponsors are making films which are beginning to serve the audiences for whom they are made instead of the vanity of their sponsors.

Another equation yet to be balanced is the patent concern of most American industries with a prosperous and active foreign trade. To date only foundations and governments have seen the point of making films which help people to see that the healthy exchange of goods between people and nations is the circulatory system of their economic life. What with ECA pouring its billions into reviving European economies, it is hard to believe that there is no broad-visioned industry in this country which will not see the advantage of explaining the whole international trade complex to the world's citizens instead of insisting upon marketing rubber gloves to half a billion Hottentots.

Or take the current uproar over the world shortages of resources of soil and forests and basic minerals. Hundreds of industries base their entire economic existence on these resources. Surely one or several of them will soon see the logic of beginning the slow, careful process of public education that will be necessary to halt this disastrous trend toward the physical depletion of the very bases of human existence.

The list has no end or—for that matter—very little beginning. Do not entirely blame the sponsors for this lack of vision. There are many film makers who are not really concerned with the communication of ideas at all but are merely manufacturers

The Film Forum

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Educational Sound Films.

MIRACLE IN PARADISE VALLEY
Available without charge from the Merchandising Department, Sinclair Refining Co., 10 W. 51st St., New York 20, N. Y.
(35 minutes.)

Mainly of interest to rural and farm groups. The Public Relations Department at Boston University has awarded this film a citation as the most important non-theatrical film for 1948. Told in story form (which may not appeal to cosmopolitan sophisticates—for whom it was not intended), this is a fantasy which shows how a miracle transformed an average farm community into the place "where people live better, and live longer." The protagonist tells the tale "just as it happened to him" and emphatically allows the audience to identify itself with the situations from which it may draw its own conclusions. These conclusions, by the way, add up to a highly potent weapon against farm accidents which only last year cost American farmers more than a billion dollars in cash, 16,000 lives, and immeasurable human misery. There is nothing funny about getting killed, losing one's eyesight or facing a lifetime in a world of four walls and a bed; only a miracle such as the one in Paradise Valley could start an audience laughing and end by sending it home resolved to do something constructive about preventable accidents.

This film is an example of the more intelligent approach now being taken by astute sponsors of films. Before it was written, consultations were held with the U. S. Department of Agriculture and Extension Service, agricultural colleges, the National Safety Council, county agents, and farmers. Any group discussing safety can profit from this picture.

IMMUNIZATION AGAINST INFECTIOUS DISEASES
Produced for American Cynamid Co. Available without charge from Lederle Laboratories, Division Film Library, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.
(45 minutes. Color.)
A technical film for advanced science students or professionals.

Active immunization is practicable for diptheria, scarlet fever, tetanus, typhoid, scarlet, and Rocky Mountain spotted fever, etc., as well as for measles, chickenpox, and mumps. Each of these diseases comprises a section wherein maps show the geographical distribution, patients exhibit typical diagnostic signs, and the method of immunization is given. Film approved by the American Academy of Pediatrics and by the College of Surgeons.

CAUGHT MAPPING
Available without charge from Public Relations Department, General Motors Corporation, 1775 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.
(9 minutes.)

The story of the unusual methods used in making the accurate road maps of today, and how they are kept up to date. The film traces the development of maps from early times to the present, and shows the work involved by road scouts, engineers, draftsmen, cartographers, and printers.

THE GIFT OF GREEN
Sponsored by the Sugar Research Foundation and produced by the New York Botanical Garden. Available without cost from Modern Talking Picture Service, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 21, N. Y.
(20 minutes. Color.)

A non-technical film on the process of photosynthesis. An explanation of how green plants, with the aid of sunlight, build food from water and air. An animated sequence shows how water enters the roots, rises up the stem, and into the leaf; the carbon dioxide enters the leaf through the stomata. The raw materials inside the leaf, in the presence of chlorophyll and with the aid of sunlight, are built up into sugar, the basic food of nature. Some exceptional stop-motion floral photography. A companion film, "Crystal of Energy," available from the same source, describes the part sugar plays in nutrition and in our economy.

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whose motto is "Give the Customer What He Wants." There is also the educator, who is, perforce, a careful type. There are always school boards and parents and curricula and the elders of the community, and the educator must walk deftly around them all on little cat's feet. On the rare occasion when he has the opportunity to breathe life into the dry body of the teaching film, after one brief thrill of hope, he usually retreats into committee and comes out with the composite opinion of one hundred carefully selected representatives of opposing points of view, plus one hundred precautions against offending existing custom, dulling every sharp idea, and producing a piece of neutered pedantry that offends nothing but the lively imagination and the hungry mind of the child it was intended to educate. Governments have a way, too, of standing over the camera's shoulder and fogging the lens with their breath. In fact the only party to the whole affair who can plead not guilty is the poor put-upon audience.

But the opportunity resides with the men and women who have consciously and seriously learned to command this new and exciting technique of communication. The whole job still lies ahead. This is a cooperative job between the sponsor and the documentary-film technician and among film makers themselves. All that is needed is to find the patterns of our society which need the lucid revelation of the camera's bright eyes. I believe the people want it.

—MARY LOSEY.

Film Bookshelf

Magazines

Business Screen. Issued eight times annually at six-week intervals at 812 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill. (Subscription $3 a year.)

The first national business journal of audio-visual communications. The leading source of news, information, and discussion of films for industry; designed for sponsors and users of commercial films. Contains detailed reviews of all advertising and public-relations films and filmstrips. Interesting articles about company plans for production, distribution, and utilization.

Business Screen has also published:

(a) "An Index of Training Films." An annotated list of more than 2,000 industrial motion pictures and slidefilms and their sources for reference and training use in industry and vocational education. (50¢.)

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(c) In preparation: "Sound Slidefilm Guide." 500 titles.

(d) *See & Hear.* International Journal of Audio-Visual Education. Does for educational films what *Business Screen* does for sponsored films. ($3 per school year.)

Film World. Published monthly by Ver Halen Publications, 6060 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif. (Subscription $3 a year.)

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(c) *School Films,* a quarterly of classroom visual aids. ($1 a year.)

(d) *Film World,* 16mm. film and industry directory. Advertised as the first complete source book of 16mm. information. Comment: A makeshift job replete with serious omissions and errors. Not recommended. ($7.50.)

Bibliography

"The Motion Picture," published by the American Library Association and Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc., 1946. Available without charge from the latter at 321 W. 44th St., New York City. Selected and annotated by Iris Barry, curator, Museum of Modern Art Film Library; Helen F. Conover, Library of Congress; Helen Fitz-Richard, Los Angeles Public Library. A bibliography of film books, covering the history, production, appreciation of the motion-picture industry. —A. BERTRAND CHANNON.

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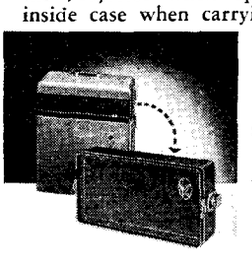

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I
SEPTEMBER LANDSCAPE

THE weather still continues hot,
Though autumn lanes lie filemot;
The sky, though scudding clouds now blotch it,
Wears April's tint, a tender Watchet.

II
NURSERY VIGNETTE

The bubbled baby gave an abrupt burp,
Her tiny face contorted in an irpe
(The *i* pronounced, perhaps, like *beard* not *bird*:
Ben Jonson only used this cunning little word.)

III
PHILIP FLORESCENT, PHILIP MARCESCENT; PHILIP DEHISCENT, PHILIP RESIPISCENT.

Having bloomed while dining out,
Philip, faded, craves a drop;
After guzzling like a lout,
Philip, waking, wants to stop.

IV
LAKESIDE

An old cob swan his cygnets thus addressed:
"Stray not too far from the parental nest.
Remember you can never be as spry as
Yon falcon with her eyrie full of eyases!"

V
HERALDIC BATTLE

I would not put a battered copper stiver'n
The chances of your talbot with my wyvern!
The dragon, segreant, awaits the attack;
The hound, well guled, must gasp upon his back.

VI
PALACE DUSK

Byzantium broods some horrid deed tonight,
Where catamawfreys clot the dying light.
(This queer and mystifying word, I see,
Is not included in the O. E. D.
Will someone well-versed in the Byzantines
Explain to me precisely what it means?)

EDMUND WILSON.

* * *

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 758)

GOLDSMITH:
(THE) *CITIZEN OF THE WORLD*

*Books have their time as well as cucumbers. . . . Nothing in my way goes off in summer except very light goods indeed. A review or a magazine may amuse a summer reader, but all of our stock of value we reserve for a spring and winter trade.

*Supposed to be written by a Chinese philosopher in London to a friend in the Orient; titled "Chinese Letters" when first printed in the *Public Ledger*.

The following poems by children have been submitted to me. Why not give the young folks their innings? Let us start with David. I have heard small children recite like this, and the emphasis on gustatory pleasure is characteristic of them! David's poem was dictated to his Aunt Kay.

DAVID'S FIRST POEM
(on his fifth birthday)

Smarty had a party—
Nobody came but a big fat Sardy
And a bear who ate a fair and the fly
Who ate up the soup and the kettle,
The elephant who ate up everything
And the rhinoceros who horned everybody.
And the baby who ate up the St. Bernard.
And now for the Fadey who ate up the Sadey,
Now for the gady who ate up the radey,
From the soup and kettle who ate up the rettle.
The goup and the goose ate up each other.

And then for the gadey who ate up the badey,
Now for the gadey who ate up the medal.
And now for the hoose who ate up the owl,
Now for the eagle who punched the owl.
Good for the party for now.
And now for the Sardy who ate up the Katie,
And now for the party who starts the cups and water.
Tiger, Tiger ate up the lion—
Who ate up the soup and they all rushed to drink the coffee.
Now for the Great Gildersleeve on at 10 o'clock.

DAVID FORRY POWERS.

Next we have a poem by a fourteen-year-old girl sent in by my old friend Frank C. Henry of The Greystone Press.

FISHING

He's leaning over a grate
By the wall.
A city boy on a city street.

The streets are gray
And the skies are gray,
But a city boy's going fishing.

He's picked a piece of glass
Out of the gutter.
There's lots of glass
In the gutter.

His piece is blue.
Blue glass
Blue skies
And somewhere there's blue water.

The city's streets are gray,
But there are pennies under the grate.
And a city boy's going fishing
With a blue hook through the grate.

Somewhere the waters are blue
And a boy can walk where it's green.
Fishes swim in the water
And the hooks are silvery steel.

But this is a city street
In a world that's always gray.
There's a blue hook
Through an iron grate
And a city boy's going fishing.

EVELYN COMPTON.

Finally, Walter Sorell of 25 West 64th Street, New York City, sends in these poems by an eighteen-year-old young lady:

BLACK AND WHITE

There is no sorrow but quantitative sadness,
As there is no joy but qualitative gladness,
Sickness at heart is a gift for many,
While joy is on a plane too high for any.

THE RICHEST FLOWER

The richest flower
Of human experience
Is neglect;

When the wasted hour
Dances subservience
And whispers, "Reflect!"

CRYPTIC COMMENT

We look on the savage with fitting disdain,
In a world where emotions we bridle and rein,
But becoming immersed in the rum of life's fuss,
The savage ends by appearing in us.

JUDITH WOLFSON.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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DACHSHUNDS. Miniature red male, female puppies. A.K.C. Country raised. GRamercy 7-4573, or Box 697-B.

WOULD SOME FEMME correspond with a guy? Lonely and nice. Box 698-B.

SINCERE interesting lady would correspond with a sincere handicapped gentleman. Box 699-B.

WOMAN, Ph.D. in Sociology, experienced in research, counseling and personnel, wishes position N.Y.C. area. Box 700-B.

FUN LOVING "HIM" interested letter exchange with thought provoking "her." Box 701-B.

WRITER, foreign born, wants experienced person to touch up articles, N.Y.C. Box 702-B.

NOW IN CALIFORNIA, available: personable, adventurous woman companion/secretary. (Shorthand). Will travel or residential. Background: Theatre, motion pictures, editorial. Interesting work prime consideration. Box 708-B.

PERSONALS

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, retired, desires place to live with congenial people after December first. Environs N.Y.C. or Philadelphia. Box 703-B.

LONELY YOUNG MAN, desires correspondence with intelligent young lady. Box 704-B.

FAIRLY YOUNG MAN, preferring facts-to-fancies—desires feminine correspondence. Box 705-B.

MIRACLES OF MENTAL ACTION. Amazing facts. Price $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Scientific Information Service, 2259 N. Houghton Ave., N.Y.C. 61.

ENTERPRISING YOUNG LADY, experienced news agency, radio publicity, programing scripts, widely traveled (Europe, Near & Far East, U.S.A.) speaks Spanish, French, Hebrew. Also knowledge of athletics, ballet desires interesting position with company of private individual where any of the above can be put to good use. N.Y.C. Box 706-B.

RARE OPPORTUNITY—young woman to buy lucrative bookshop, midtown, N.Y.C. Box 707-B.

YOUNG MAGAZINE EDITOR, and wife in publishing house need modest apartment, reasonable rent, furnished or unfurnished. Preferably Village, N.Y.C. References. Box 710-B.

FRENCH: either learn it from the start or perfect it. You will find it an asset. N.Y.C. ELdorado 5-6958 or Box 711-B.

GENTLEMAN seeks correspondence in Italian with cultured, intelligent, Tuscan student. Box 373-B.

FOR RENT: 2 room office space, furnished, in residential building, suitable for writer or artist, midtown Manhattan, $150. a month. Mabel Detmold, ELdorado 5-1927.

MANUFACTURING FURRIER offers outstanding values in fine Persian Lamb coats, custom made, latest models; will also make your old coat new again. Harry Nudell, Inc., 129 West 29 St., N.Y.C. PEnnsylvania 6-1082.

YOUNG EDITOR of leading publishing house and charming bride recently arrived from Italy desperate for apartment N.Y.C. Suggestions, offers? Box 712-B.

DON'T TELL YOUR FRIENDS! Tell me! Take a gamble!!—I may have what you need. You may have the apartment I need. Desperately!! Box 713-B.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands; minimum 5 cartons; postpaid. Send check or money order. King Co., Box 569-C, Dover, Delaware.

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NEW STATESMAN & NATION, Britain's fearless independent weekly. Books brilliantly reviewed. Subscription 52 issues $7. per year. Air Mail $15. per year. British Publications, Inc., 150 East 35 St., N.Y.C. 16.

VACATIONS

YOU'LL ENJOY SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vermont. Write Bob Horton.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals, inexpensive North Clove 2421.

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HANDSOME HOMESPUN APARTMENTS, cottages in lovely flower-filled Cuernavaca. No summer; no winter. $42. to $330. monthly, furnished. BELDIN GALLERIES, Salinas 14-s, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 759

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

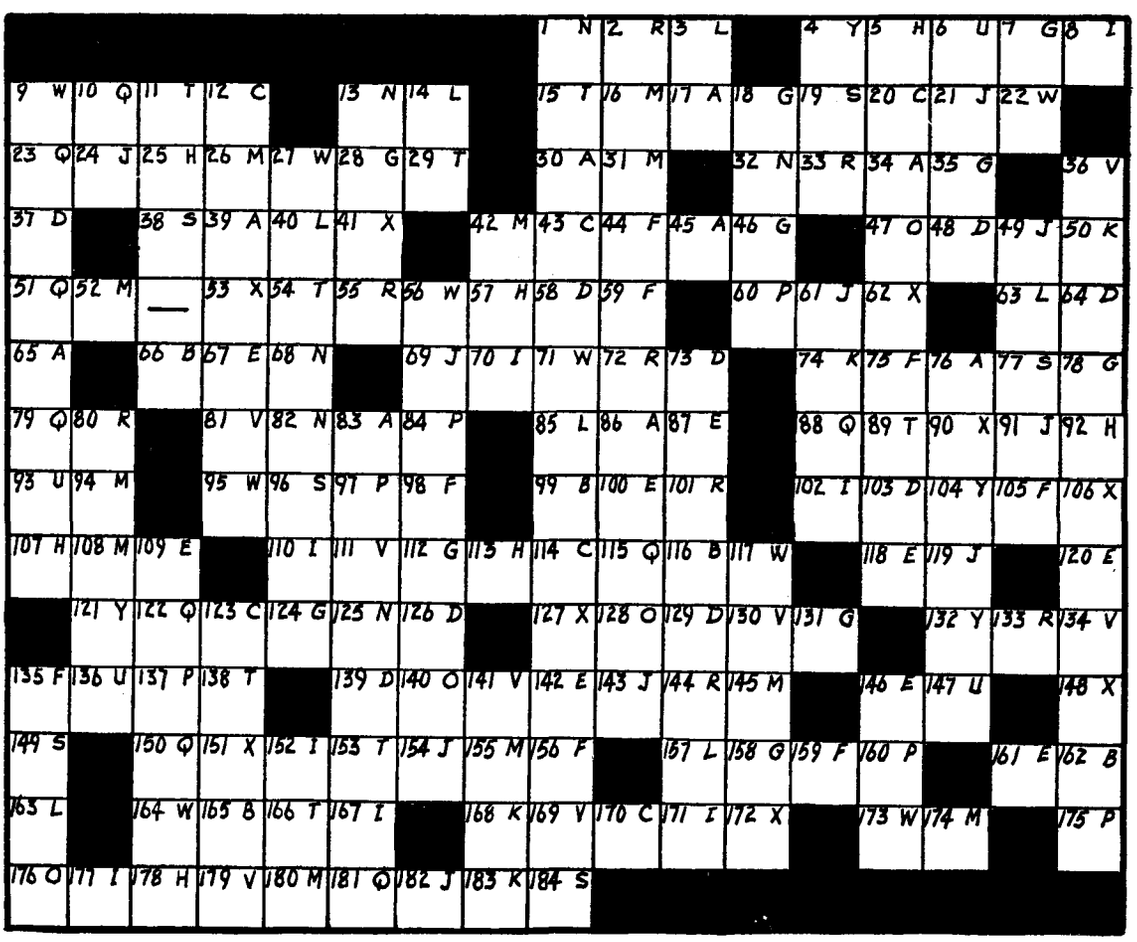
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Bulgarian people, Tatarized, who speak a Turkic dialect.	34 39 76 83 17 30 86 65 45
B. Worldly success; purpose (Hinduism).	99 116 66 162 165
C. Repressed or obscure utterance.	12 43 114 170 20 123
D. Novel by Willa Cather, 1913.	129 139 48 37 103 126 73 58 64
E. Fanshaped (bot. and zool.).	100 67 118 142 146 109 120 161 87
F. Border romance by W. G. Simms, 1835 (with "The").	98 44 135 105 59 75 159 156
G. Work by Gertrude Stein, 1908.	46 35 18 7 28 78 124 158 131 112
H. One of the aboriginal population of ancient Khatti in eastern Asia Minor.	178 92 5 25 113 107 57
I. Final; ultimate.	171 110 152 8 167 102 177 70
J. Composer of "La Gioconda," 1876.	69 143 119 49 61 154 24 21 91 182
K. Bread or cake browned or made crisp in an oven.	168 74 183 50
L. The constellation Hercules.	157 163 85 40 3 63 14

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Did a law business in a trivial or tricky way.	16 108 26 52 180 174 31 42 94 145 15
N. A star in the constellation Draco.	68 1 82 32 13 125
O. A novel by the author of "Cranford," 1853.	176 140 47 128
P. Compiler of the authoritative "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," 1870.	175 137 84 60 97 160
Q. Appellation of system in some libraries for subscribers to secure books (comp.).	115 150 10 181 23 122 51 79 88
R. American statesman and officer, father-in-law of Alexander Hamilton.	144 72 2 33 80 55 101 133
S. British poet and critic (1878-1917).	38 96 149 184 77 19
T. A leading character in Homer's two great epics.	54 29 138 153 166 89 11 15
U. English dramatist who finished Marlowe's tragedy of "Dido," 1594.	93 136 147 6
V. An Irish "bull."	111 141 134 130 81 169 36 179
W. Novel by Willa Cather, 1923.	71 27 173 117 95 164 9 56 22
X. Part of a title by Kenneth Roberts, 1937.	106 62 151 41 53 127 90 172 148
Y. To barter; give in exchange (colloq.).	121 104 4 132

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the DEFINITIONS each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 64 of this issue.

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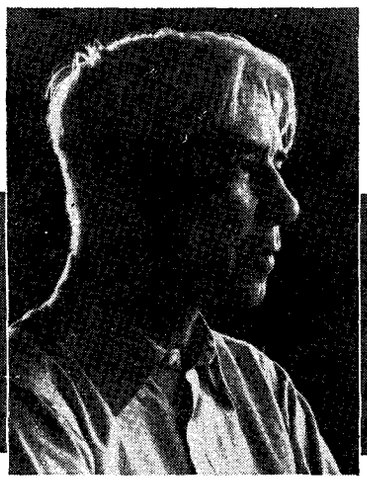
NOW—*the novel of the American spirit that only he could write*—



Photograph by Edward Steichen

Carl Sandburg's

Remembrance Rock

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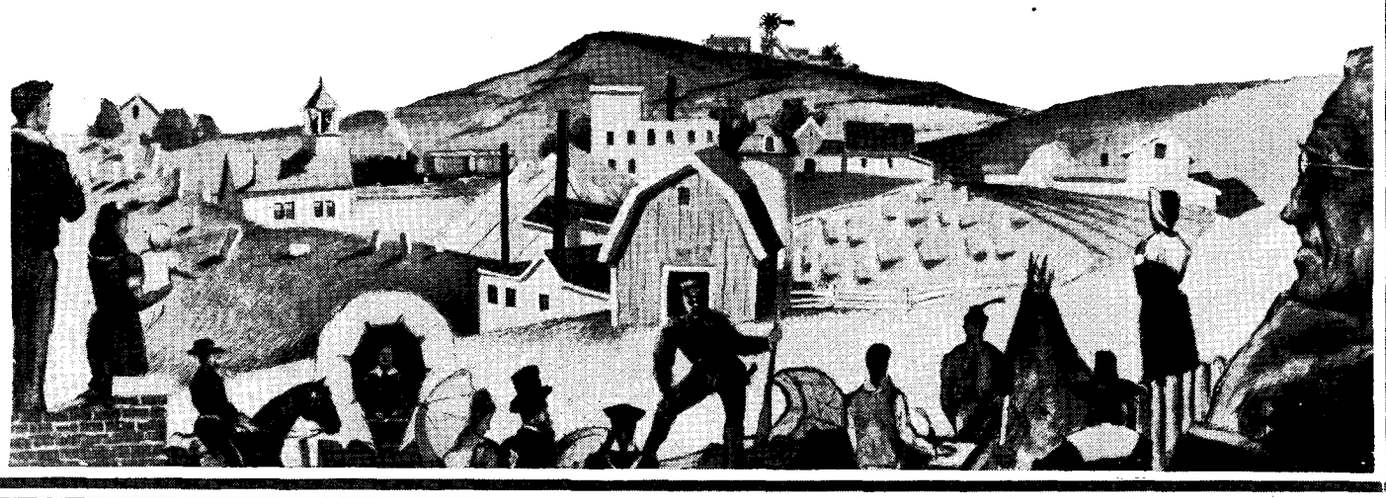

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